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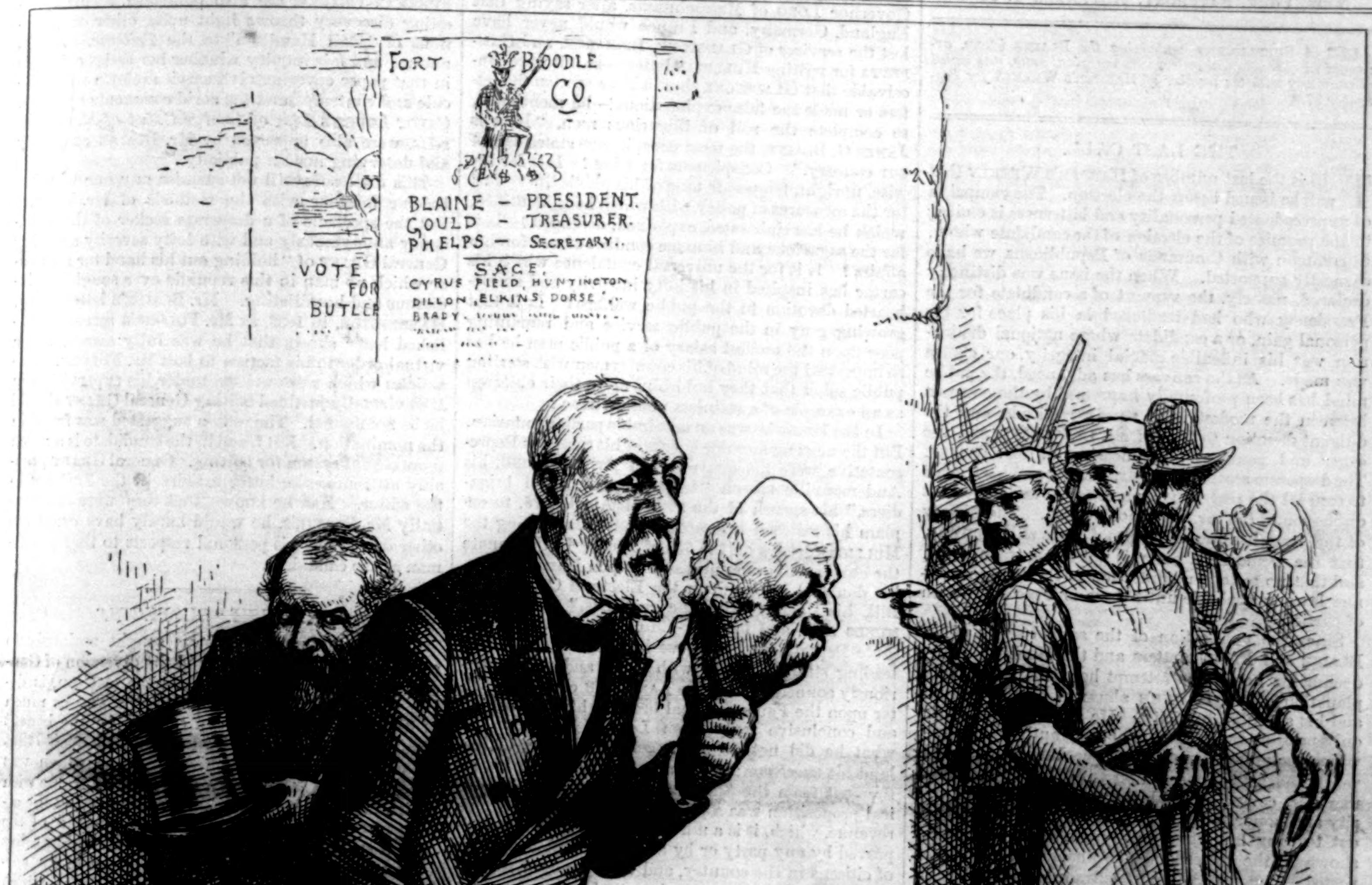
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BRADY.
VOTE FOR BUTLER
20 YEARS OF MASQUERADING, BY BLAINE.
TH: NAST.

THE BLAINE TARIFF FRAUD.

Chorus of Working-Men. "Duped, by gosh!"

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, November 1, 1884.

☞ A Supplement *containing the* Blaine *letters, arranged in chronological order, with marginal notes, was issued gratuitously with the number of* Harper's Weekly *for September* 27.

THE LAST CALL.

THIS is the last number of Harper's Weekly that will be issued before the election. The campaign of unprecedented personality and bitterness is ending in the promise of the election of the candidate whom, in common with thousands of Republicans, we have earnestly supported. When the issue was distinctly declared, namely, the support of a candidate for the Presidency who had trafficked in his place for his personal gain, or a candidate whose national distinction was his inflexible official integrity, our choice was made. As the canvass has advanced, the public mind has been profoundly impressed by the contrast between the modesty, the sturdy rectitude, and the diligent devotion to duty of Mr. Cleveland, and the eager and personal electioneering of Mr. Blaine. The desperate resolution of Mr. Blaine and his friends to conceal the real issue by a constant and vehement discussion of the tariff has not availed. The history of the year has proved, if proof were still wanting, that the Democratic party is not a free-trade party, and that no serious modification of the foreign revenue laws is probable until there is a reconstruction of parties.

Since the publication of the second series of the Blaine and Fisher letters and the Hocking Valley documents no serious attempt has been made at explanation of Mr. Blaine's abuse of official position and his singular duplicity. He gave the key of the only possible reply to undoubtedly authentic letters, which spoke for themselves, by declaring that all his words and acts in connection with the disputed matters were consonant with the most scrupulous integrity and honor. That includes asking a correspondent to copy his letter and return it to him, to be shown as the correspondent's unsolicited and unexpected testimony. A more extraordinary and painful disclosure was never made in regard to a candidate for the Presidency, and no noise of shouting and no flare and glare of rockets can divert the eye of American intelligence, conscience, and patriotism from seeing and measuring the revelation. Indeed, the campaign of the voters who will decide the election has been not a "still hunt," but a silent reading and thinking. The Independent Republicans are holding enthusiastic meetings in certain parts of the country, and Mr. Schurz's stumping tour has been remarkable for its enthusiasm and effect. But the Independent argument is especially one for reading and reflection, and election-day will show how large a number of the oldest and stanchest Republicans refuse to support a candidate unworthy of the Republican principles and traditions, and who prefer to acquiesce in party defeat rather than in party disgrace.

The local result in the Republican States of Vermont, Maine, and Ohio does not indicate the general result in November, nor even the vote in those States. Mr. Blaine has not yet been voted upon. The real issue has not been submitted to the ballot. Independent Republicans have undoubtedly generally voted for the Republican State ticket. Even in Massachusetts, where Governor Robinson's support of Mr. Blaine upon the stump has somewhat alienated the feeling of Independent Republicans, most of them will probably vote for him. In New York they will also, we presume, generally support the Republican Congressional candidates where there is no personal objection. The volleys of abuse and falsehood which they have received from the Blaine presses have disinclined many who agree with them and who will vote against Mr. Blaine to declare themselves, and they will vote against him quietly and without demonstration. The defection of the business vote is very great, and it is very significant. Business men comprehend the extraordinary correspondence and documents which have been published, and they understand the danger of a stock-jobber and speculative broker in the White House. We print elsewhere an excellent passage upon this point from the Boston *Transcript*. No word of exhortation is necessary to the readers of the Weekly. Those who intend to cast their votes for a public officer who used his official influence and opportunities for his own profit have probably stopped reading this paper until the election shall have passed. The contest itself, although painfully personal, is so by the nature of the case and unavoidably. The cry of principles not men will hardly persuade honest and intelligent men to vote for an officially unprincipled candidate. The character of the canvass and the uncertain prospect of the Republican party are due, not to those who will not support an unfit and unworthy candidate, but to those who imposed such a candidate upon the party.

"THE MOST CONSPICUOUS STATESMAN."

In one of his speeches in support of Mr. Blaine—and how painful the effort must have been!—ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts, after saying that England, Germany, and France would never have lost the services of Gladstone, Bismarck, and Gambetta for writing Mulligan letters—as if it were conceivable that Gladstone should have written the letters or made the false explanations!—he mentioned, to complete the roll of illustrious men, "Here is James G. Blaine, the most conspicuous statesman of our country." Conspicuous for what? Is it for the wise, upright, temperate tone of his public life? Is it for the measures of policy with which he is identified, which he has elaborated, explained, defended? Is it for the sagacious and humane conduct of our foreign affairs? Is it for the universal confidence which his career has inspired in his lofty integrity and single-hearted devotion to the public welfare? Is it that growing gray in the public service and remaining poor upon the modest salary of a public man he has so impressed the mind of his countrymen with sterling public spirit that they hold him up to their children as an example of a stainless public virtue?

In the House he was an admirable parliamentarian. But the most memorable events of his career as Representative were his quarrel with Mr. Conkling, his Andersonville speech "to stir up the rebel brigadiers," his speech of the 24th of April, 1876, to explain his railroad transactions, and his reading the Mulligan letters on the 5th of June. In the Senate the chief events were his assault upon Massachusetts, his doubtful course upon the Electoral Commission Bill, his "siding with the railroads," as Mr. Edmunds says, and his anti-Chinese speech. In the State Department his course in South America was leading straight to war with Chili, and was mysteriously connected with the Landreau claim; his letter upon the Panama Canal brought him a crushing and conclusive reply from Lord Granville, and what he did not do for American citizens in Ireland his successor at once accomplished. In his retirement from the State Department his chief political proposition was a plan of division of the surplus revenue, which, it is a mild phrase to say, was not approved by any party or by any considerable number of citizens in the country, and which, indeed, seemed to most intelligent persons to reveal a singular want of genuine statesmanship.

These are among the most conspicuous events in Mr. Blaine's public career. They are not those of a great statesman. They are not such as to entitle him to be ranked with Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck, nor with many of his American contemporaries. Mr. Blaine is a clever and adroit and audacious politician. He is a good "organizer," a good chairman of a State or national committee, a bold player at the game of politics. His candidacy for the Presidency illustrates this. He is a student of American political and statistical history. He is an excellent partisan speaker. His discourse upon Garfield was admirably skillful. He is certainly very conspicuous in public life, but ex-Governor Long is mistaken in thinking that it is as a great statesman.

"WAYS THAT ARE DARK."

Another curious disclosure of the "ways that are dark" of Mr. Blaine has just been made, which throws an interesting light upon the desperate eagerness with which he has been struggling, by hook and by crook, to obtain a nomination for the Presidency. In the spring of 1880 Mr. Blaine was the chief competitor of General Grant for the Republican nomination. The New York *Tribune*, which a few years before had bitterly and contemptuously assailed him, had become, as it has since been, practically his personal organ. Mr. Blaine was the leader of the Half-Breed Republican faction, as General Grant was the chief of the Stalwarts. Just before the meeting of the Convention a series of articles appeared in the *Tribune* violently attacking Logan, Cameron, and Conkling, the Grant triumvirate, and sneering at the New England men of whom Senator Hoar was the leader, and who opposed both Grant and Blaine. The "candid brutality" of Logan, and the "political burglars of Illinois who stick at nothing, and the political hermaphrodites of Massachusetts who stick to nothing," were treated with equal denunciation, and General Grant was depicted with similar felicity as a sturdy beggar "holding out his hand for an honor which no man in this republic ever sought."

The articles disposed of every candidate but Mr. Blaine, and it now appears that the articles were written by Miss Mary A. Dodge ("Gail Hamilton"), a relative of Mr. Blaine's, and resident in his family, and that they were printed in the *Tribune* by Mr. Blaine's authority and at his direction. Fac-similes of parts of the articles are published, and it appears that the article of May 29, 1880, which especially assails the Grant leaders, was written on the back of government paper with the heading of the Senate Chamber, and on the back of the last page of the copy, in Mr. Blaine's handwriting, is this note:

> "My dear Reid,—This is a timely appeal, and should be printed at once.
> J. G. B."

To identify the manuscript beyond question, a fac-simile of a letter of instructions to Mr. Reid from Miss Dodge, and part of a letter of hers upon James Freeman Clarke, are also published. This interesting discovery throws light upon other contributions of "Gail Hamilton" to the *Tribune*. It is a natural and fair inquiry whether her series of letters in that paper covering civil service reform with ridicule and contempt, and the acrid comments upon Mr. Cabot Lodge's *Life of George Cabot of Massachusetts*, were also approved by Mr. Blaine as timely and deserving instant publicity.

This disclosure will not surprise any one who has become familiar with the methods of Mr. Blaine. But the spectacle of a desperate seeker of the Presidency anonymously and with lofty severity accusing General Grant of "holding out his hand for an honor which no man in this republic ever sought" is ludicrous and humiliating. Mr. Blaine's letter to Mr. Harrington, in 1882, as Mr. Folger's recently published letter shows that he was fully aware, was a virtual order to his faction to bolt Mr. Folger. The articles which were written under his supervision in 1880 virtually justified bolting General Grant should he be nominated. The reason suggested was fraud in the nomination. But fraud in the candidate is a much more cogent reason for bolting. General Grant probably attributed the bitter articles in the *Tribune* to the editor. Had he known that they were substantially Mr. Blaine's, he would hardly have cared the other day to pay his personal respects to that gentleman as the candidate.

THE IRISH "SUSPECTS."

The Blaine managers have sought zealously to conciliate the "Irish vote," and the diversion of General Butler, if it holds out until the election, is designed to draw from Governor Cleveland as much of it as General Butler can capture for the benefit of Mr. Blaine. In Michigan Mr. Blaine denied that he was ever a Know-Nothing, a report which was based upon the conduct of a newspaper in Maine with which he was connected some years ago. But the attempt to present him as the especial friend of the "Irish suspects" while he was Secretary of State has been brought to grief by the publication of the correspondence—more of that correspondence which must have often led Mr. Blaine to sigh, "Oh, that I had not the hand of the ready writer!" The trouble is that the correspondence demolishes the claim. Certainly a Secretary can not pose as peculiarly the friend of those prisoners whom he showed no desire or eagerness to release, and which were released immediately upon the application of his successor.

It appears that in April, 1882, Earl Granville, the British Foreign Secretary, wrote to the present British Minister at Washington:

> "I think it as well to state to you that Sir E. Thornton, who was at that time her Majesty's representative at Washington, reported to me last summer that he had been confidentially informed through a trustworthy source that the government of the United States were not disposed to take up too warmly the cause of American citizens, whether native or naturalized, who went to England or Ireland with the express object of agitating, and of then appealing to their government for protection."

American citizens who become naturalized for the purpose of abusing American citizenship, everybody will agree, ought not to expect any particular favor from the government. But it is not less undeniable that a Secretary of State who conveys to a foreign minister the tidings that a special class of American citizens in his country will not be too warmly sustained by the government at home ought not to be alleged to be a friend of such citizens. To put forth such a claim is to solicit votes under false pretenses. The fact that when Mr. Frelinghuysen succeeded Mr. Blaine the citizens in question were liberated goes far to corroborate the statement of Lord Granville to Mr. West.

This is another illustration of the insincerity of the whole Blaine campaign, and of its fatuous neglect of incontrovertible testimony against its assertions. When Mr. Blaine wrote the letter to Mr. Bundy, in order to hold the Hocking Valley mining vote, he had either forgotten his letter and receipt in regard to the purchase of the shares, or he "ran for luck" in the hope that nothing would be disclosed. So when he solemnly asserted in the House that he had obtained his interest in the Little Rock Railroad by paying the market rate at which everybody could buy, he had either forgotten the contract and memorandum, or he hoped that they would not be discovered. When he permitted himself to figure as the best friend of the oppressed Irish-American languishing in the British dungeon, he had forgotten the official correspondence which shows that Lord Granville's statement was correct, or he supposed that it would not be made public. In striking contrast with all this, the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland has been urged without equivocation or deceit upon grounds which appeal to the confidence of the whole country, not of classes of citizens —his admirable and faithful discharge of official duty, and his immovable public rectitude.

A FUTILE BLOW.

The stories containing gross charges against Governor Cleveland to which we alluded last week have been published. They were addressed in an open letter to the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston. In his reply Dr. Clarke said truly that he had always kept himself open to conviction, and that he should support no man whose life was proved to be irregular. A lawyer of Boston, Mr. G. C. Hodges, went to Buffalo to investigate the stories, upon an invitation from the chief accuser, the Rev. Mr. Ball, and Mr. Hodges's report effectually disposes of the story.

The stories as told were declared to rest upon the testimony of numerous witnesses, who were described as persons of the highest character and veracity, but who were not named—a monstrous way of assailing a man in the position of Governor Cleveland. Mr. Hodges accompanied Dr. Ball to visit the witnesses, and to verify their evidence. Dr. Clarke tells with what result:

> "The result was that in five of the cases the witnesses did not appear at all. Of the remaining five two witnesses appeared, but refused to testify. Of the other three witnesses, two testified to what seemed to Mr. Hodges, after a careful examination of the premises, impossible for them to know. There remained one witness, whose statement, I am told, is now undergoing investigation. These ten charges of gross immorality have been sent all over the country. The offer to prove them has not been fulfilled. In a letter lately published in the *Woman's Journal*, Mr. Ball explains the fact that his witnesses would not testify by their fear of losing their situations or being persecuted. The fact remains that the witnesses who were promised to sustain the charges did not appear, or declined to testify.
>
> "These cases were selected by you, the witnesses were chosen by you, and the result is that proof of the accusations has not been produced. I have no doubt that you desire nothing but to find the truth. Concede to me a similar honesty of intention."

Last July, when the stories were first told, Mr. Henry W. Box, a Republican lawyer of Buffalo, who stated that he should not vote for Governor Cleveland, but had known him for twenty-three years, most of the time intimately, and who for nine years had an office opposite to Governor Cleveland's in the same building, declared the stories as told to be absolutely false. Mr. Ralph Stone, another Republican lawyer in Buffalo, now writes of the renewed assault:

> "There seems to be a regular scandal mill here, from which the most revolting stories are sent forth. Nothing is too vulgar, indecent, or foolish for them to utter. Mr. Ball's indorsement by the clergy of Buffalo was not general, and many clergymen are strong supporters of Governor Cleveland, among them the Rev. Dr. Brown, rector of St. Paul's Church, Dr. Van Bokkelen, of Trinity, the Rev. Walter North, and the Rev. Herbert G. Lord. All the new stories are false. Wherever they have been definite, they have been traced and found to be utterly without foundation."

Mr. Stone might have added what Dr. Clarke points out, that although many clergymen in Buffalo "indorse" Dr. Ball, they do not "indorse" his charges.

THE ACTUAL FIGURES IN OHIO.

The actual and not the hurra figures of the result of the late elections in Ohio and West Virginia are very significant, and reveal a sad want of that enthusiasm for Mr. Blaine which was to sweep the country like a prairie fire, etc., etc. In West Virginia the Democratic majority is about double that of 1880. In Ohio the Republican plurality of 19,000 in the State election of 1880 has been reduced to 11,000; and the Republican majority of 9000 over the combined vote of all other parties has wholly disappeared, and there is a Republican minority of 1300 on the total vote.

Again, there is an increase of about 60,000 votes over the State election of 1880. Of this increase the Republicans have 29,000, and the Democrats 37,000. The increase over the Presidential vote of 1880 is about 60,000, and of this the Democrats have received 39,000, the Republicans 16,000, and the Prohibitionists about 5000. The *Evening Post* says: "In other words, the Democrats have secured three-fifths of the increased vote, casting nearly 40,000 more votes than they gave Hancock, while the Republicans in a Republican State, after a canvass led by their candidate in person, have cast only 16,000 more votes than they cast for Garfield, though the poll is 60,000 greater." Moreover, instead of a Congressional delegation, as in 1880, of 15 Republicans and 5 Democrats, there is now a delegation of 11 Democrats and 10 Republicans.

This is a sober showing, and when, as in November, there is a direct vote upon Mr. Blaine, it is fair to presume that if he should carry the State at all, it will be by a plurality, and not a majority. It was certainly an unwise defiance of the moral sentiment of the Republican party which was made by the nomination of Mr. Blaine.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" IN ENGLAND.

Harper's Young People has met with so much favor among the little readers of England that it has been found necessary to issue it in their own country as nearly as possible simultaneously with its appearance here. The English edition will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., beginning about the middle of November. American books and American periodicals have attained a strong foot-hold on British soil since Sydney Smith delivered himself of his celebrated and sarcastic query; and no doubt that amiable gentleman, were he still in the flesh, would be among the first to extend a hearty greeting to the new source of entertainment and instruction now opened to the little subjects of her Majesty.

BUSINESS MEN AND MR. BLAINE.

The Boston Evening *Transcript*, which has been strong and steady in its honorable opposition to the election of Mr. Blaine, says very truly:

> "But it is not through the slang-whanging and ribaldry of party-newspaper warfare that the people will reach a full realization of the gravity of such falsity to high trust as was involved in the business operations of the Speaker of the House of Representatives with capitalists and corporations. Only in the most enlightened communities, and only among the more intelligent classes of such centres, can the offending of Mr. Blaine be estimated at the real seriousness of it. Especially in business communities, where the absolute necessity of good faith as the foundation of the whole vast system of credit on which the modern world of business rests, is the fatal out in character revealed in the correspondence with Fisher keenly felt, and the danger of putting a man of great energy so defectively constituted in possession of the powers of the Presidency fully appreciated. The business intellect of the country is conservative, and the moral judgment of our business class, as a whole, is sound. It does not take its ethics from Jay Gould, and it certainly does not take political counsel from political orators or brass bands. It reads, dissects, and judges for itself such evidence as that furnished in the Mulligan letters. Taken together with the corroborative and cumulative evidence that has come to light and is still coming to light in such correspondence as the later Mulligan letters and the Sanborn letters, and the letters in the Hocking Valley matter, it is beyond further doubt or possibility of question that Mr. Blaine has always been up to his eyes in stock-jobbing, and that he has used both his official position and political prominence in the business."

THE MAYORALTY OF NEW YORK.

The Tammany Democrats and the Republicans have each nominated a candidate for the Mayoralty, and a great meeting of Republicans and Democrats and Independents has nominated ex-Mayor Grace. This meeting represented the sound principle that municipal nominations should not be partisan. The duties of a Mayor are in no sense political, and Mr. Grace's official conduct was so excellent that his nomination commends itself to the approval of all good citizens. His experience gives him a great advantage over other candidates, and it has taught him the necessity of managing the business of the city upon business principles.

The party nominations are not only unsound in principle, but, as city politics are managed, they imply a bargain and "deal." The candidacy of Mr. Grace is an honest candidacy meaning honest administration, and it should be supported by the friends of such an administration.

A CHARACTERISTIC SQUIB.

One of the campaign skits in Ohio since the State election is very suggestive. Whether it be issued by friend or foe it is entirely characteristic of the Blaine campaign. It is a strip of paper headed Ohio. Under the name of the State is a fox holding its tail with one paw, and flourishing the other like a hand with outstretched fingers from its nose, and below the fox are the words, "Who cares a d— for the Mulligan letters? Three cheers and a tiger for Blaine."

That is the key. Who cares for the evidence? What if the candidate did trade upon his office? What if he did equivocate and falsify about it? What if no defense is possible? Who wants a defense? Who minds placing a speculator "on the make" in the chair of Washington? No goody-goodies for us! No hypocritical canters! No squeamish sentimentalists and mugwumps! Who cares a d—? Three cheers and a tiger for Blaine!

A BLAINE LEGION SUPPORTING A DEMOCRAT.

Voting for Mr. Cleveland is regarded by the more frantic Blaine organs in this vicinity as the unpardonable political sin for a Republican. This is upon the general principle of the wickedness of Democrats. But we observe in the *Sun* a telegram from New Orleans, stating that the Blaine and Logan Legion, one of the strongest Republican organizations in the city, have indorsed the nomination of the Democratic candidate for Representative in Congress, Judge William Houston, "and will give him their full support."

What kind of conduct is this for a Blaine and Logan Legion? And what is the reason which the Legion gives for such conduct? Simply that Judge Houston will protect the rice and sugar interests of the city, and will endeavor to secure legislation which will make New Orleans a manufacturing as well as a commercial city. Moreover, "Houston's election by an immense majority is assured, as he will get the entire protectionist vote."

Now here, as Mr. Squeers used to say—here's richness! Mr. Blaine and his friends are filling the land with denunciations of Democrats as free-traders, and yet the Blaine Legion aforesaid votes unanimously for the Democratic candidate to secure protection! This incident will serve to remind hesitating voters who, unable to support Mr. Blaine, yet fear to vote for Governor Cleveland lest they overthrow the tariff and introduce free trade, that the tariff is not a question in this campaign, and that a Democratic candidate is to be elected in Lonisiana by a great majority because he is a protectionist. Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, the leader of the Democratic House, is also a protectionist. The truth is that the parties do not divide upon the question of protection, and the issue in the pending national election is official honesty.

PERSONAL.

Prince Bismarck, who erstwhile was troubled with obesity, has reduced his bulk by adopting the rule of never eating and drinking at the same meal. After eating, he waits a couple of hours before drinking; after drinking, he waits a couple of hours before eating. Most *bon-vivants* would rather stay obese.

—The wife of the Czar of Russia is represented as being reconciled to the danger in which her husband constantly lives. It has increased, she says, their mutual affection. For this reason she feels positively indebted to the Nihilists. "Our home life has become so different since I began to look upon him as though he were under sentence of death. You can't think how deeply his menaced state attaches me to him."

—Professor Huxley, now sojourning at Venice for his health, has ascertained by laborious experiments that a full-grown man's heart should beat seventy-five times a minute, and his lungs inhale fifteen times a minute; that his skin should throw off eighteen ounces of water, three hundred grains of solid matter, and four hundred grains of carbonic acid every twenty-four hours, and that his weight should be one hundred and fifty-four pounds.

—Lovers of the game of chess will be interested to know that Mr. W. Steinitz, of the Manhattan Chess Club, intends to edit and publish a chess magazine every month, provided they give him sufficient support.

—The ex-Empress Eugénie is now able to refer to her unfortunate son without being overcome by sorrow. She has aged much of late, and her face is dependent for its beauty entirely upon the gentle resignation and other spiritual qualities reflected in it. She does not divert her mind by amateur devotion to painting, music, or needle-work, but directs her thoughts to the faded glories of her late imperatorial position, and is free to admit the administrative mistakes of her reign at the Tuileries.

—A barber in Exeter, England, bought three drawings for a sovereign apiece. He has recently discovered that they are by Turner, especially as Mr. Ruskin declares so. He has refused to sell them at five hundred sovereigns apiece. There is no telling where this sort of thing will end.

—Governor Cleveland, in a letter to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher: "As to my outward life in Buffalo, the manifestation of confidence and attachment that was tendered me there by all the citizens must be proof that I have not lived a disgraceful life in that city. And as to my life in Albany, all statements that tend to show that it has been other than laborious and perfectly correct are utterly and in every shape untrue."

—A watch given by Queen Marie Antoinette to the architect of the Tuileries is said to be in the possession of a Long Island farmer. It is small, and in design very choice and quaint. The silver hands are studded with diamonds, and on the back, in gold and silver, is a Cupid on a cloud.

—Many musical experts are declaring over and over again how tired they are of the opera *Il Trovatore*. It now appears that its author, Signor Verdi, while finishing it, said to a friend: "I have been composing a 'popular' opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the great judges and classicists."

—Mr. Schaus is exhibiting in his gallery Mr. W. T. Dannat's interesting Salon picture, "Un Quatuor," which contains four life-size figures of roving Spanish minstrels. It will acquire rank as a great piece of pictorial realism and color. Some competent admirers have expressed the conviction that by it the young American bore off the chief honors of the Salon. Those honors were not formally awarded to him, however, because of the odious course of his country on the art-tariff question.

—The contracts of Professor W. P. Brooks and Dr. J. C. Cutter, of Massachusetts, are to be extended by the Japanese government two years from January next. These gentlemen have been connected with the Agricultural College at Sapporo, Yezo, upward of six years. The college at Sapporo is modelled after the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

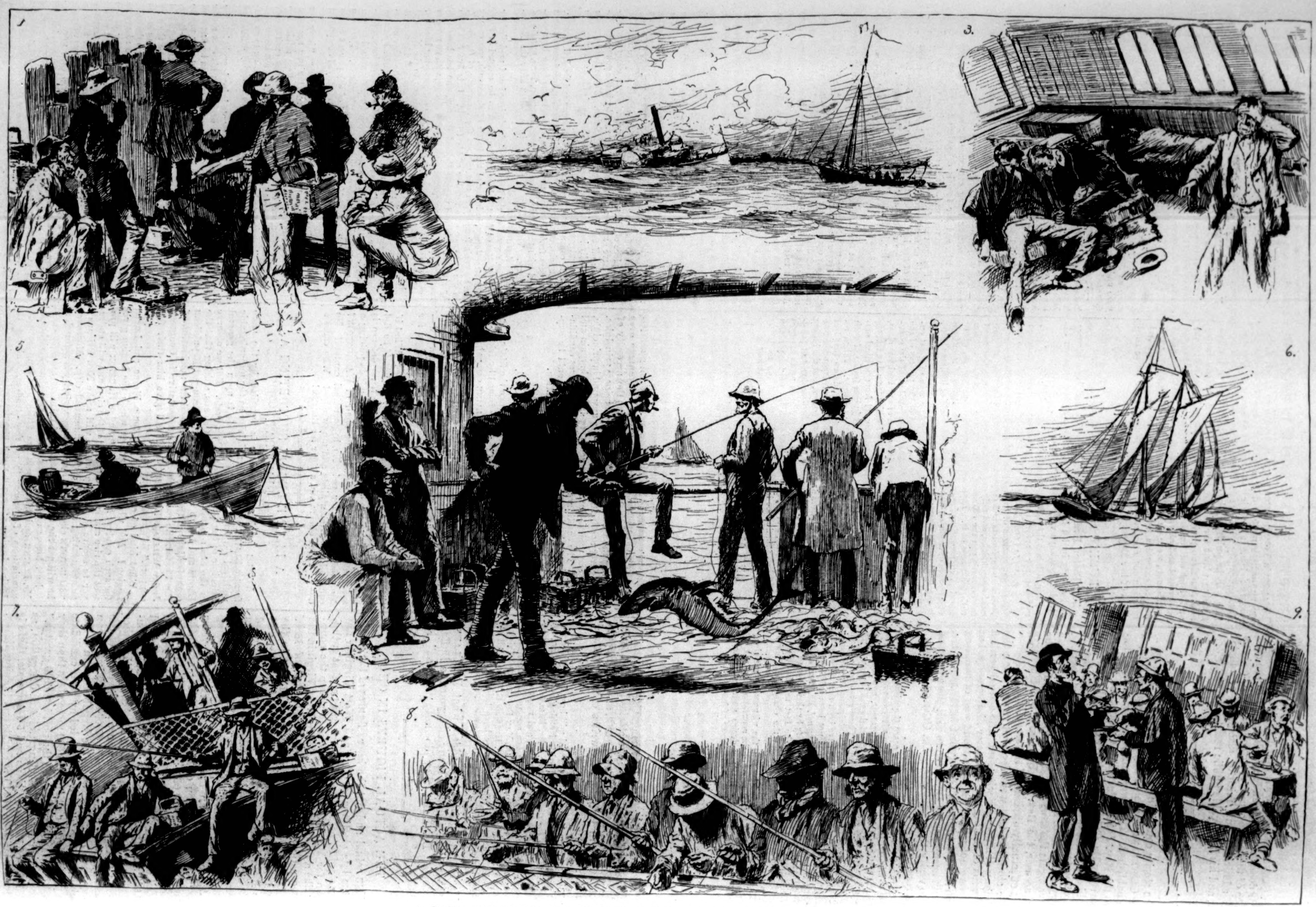
—The second of the bronze panels designed and modelled by Mr. J. E. Kelly for the base of the shaft to be erected at Freehold, New Jersey, in honor of the battle of Monmouth, was cast at Mr. Power's foundry, in this city, on the afternoon of October 7, in the presence of a number of his friends. It is five feet high by six feet wide, and depicts Colonel Ramsay, who has been dismounted from his horse, meeting a cavalry charge, with no weapon but a short dirk. The action is intense and the grouping life-like.

—It was a fortunate selection which assigned to the Nautical School-ship *St. Mary's* Commander E. M. Shepard and Lieutenant Berry, of arctic fame, the one as superintendent, the other as executive officer. The care and discrimination exercised by these officers in the choice of boys seeking a marine training have resulted in far superior material to that which formerly gained admission to this most valuable adjunct of the city's schools. The class which will join the ship at the conclusion of the present cruise promises to be unusually numerous, and of a quality of exceptional excellence.

—"The artists," said Henry Clay thirty years ago, "have not generally succeeded well in taking my features, but that has been in a measure my own fault, for my face never long retains the same expression, and especially when I am under any excitement, it changes every moment." Mr. Clay, perhaps, did not know that the possibilities of such a face are particularly alluring to an artist of the first class, who is sure to produce a highly suggestive study of them.

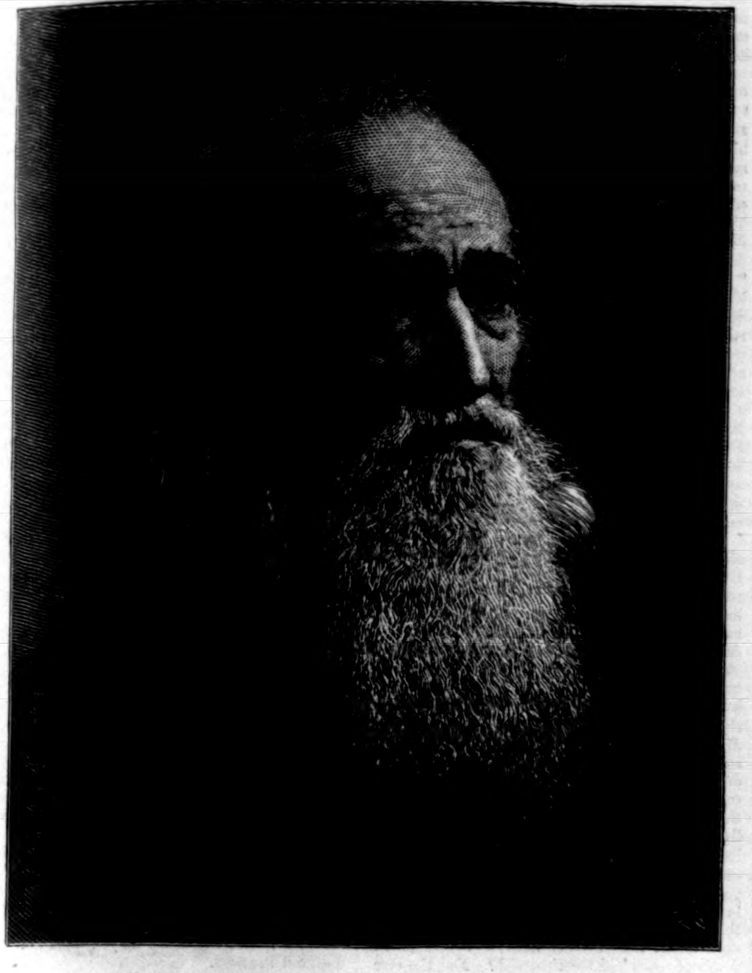
—Mr. Froude declares that he objects to being brought into the society of people in a book whom he would shut his eyes rather than see in real life. He was taking a voyage when he first read Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*. "My impulse after it was over was to plunge into the sea to wash myself. As we were going ten knots, there were objections to this form of ablution, but I felt that I had been in abominable company. The book seemed to be the very worst ever written by a clever man. M. Balzac's heroines are so base and low that it would be a compliment to call them devils."

—Mrs. Cowden Clarke's mode of writing her concordance to Shakespeare: "I had a separate portfolio for each letter of the alphabet, and these portfolios were ranged round in front of me on my writing-table. I opened my father's copy of Shakespeare at my side, having two pages in view at a time. I took the first word that presented itself at the top of the first page (we will suppose this word to begin with 'a'), and entered each word commencing with the same letter on the manuscript page which was headed by the word, and placed it in its respective portfolio, going thus alphabetically through the whole of the two spread-open pages until every salient word therein was duly culled and registered. I generally worked from four to six hours per day, and always before and after breakfast until dinner-time." When half-way through, she heard that somebody else was doing the same work. She sadly abandoned her task. But she soon learned that the rumor was unfounded.

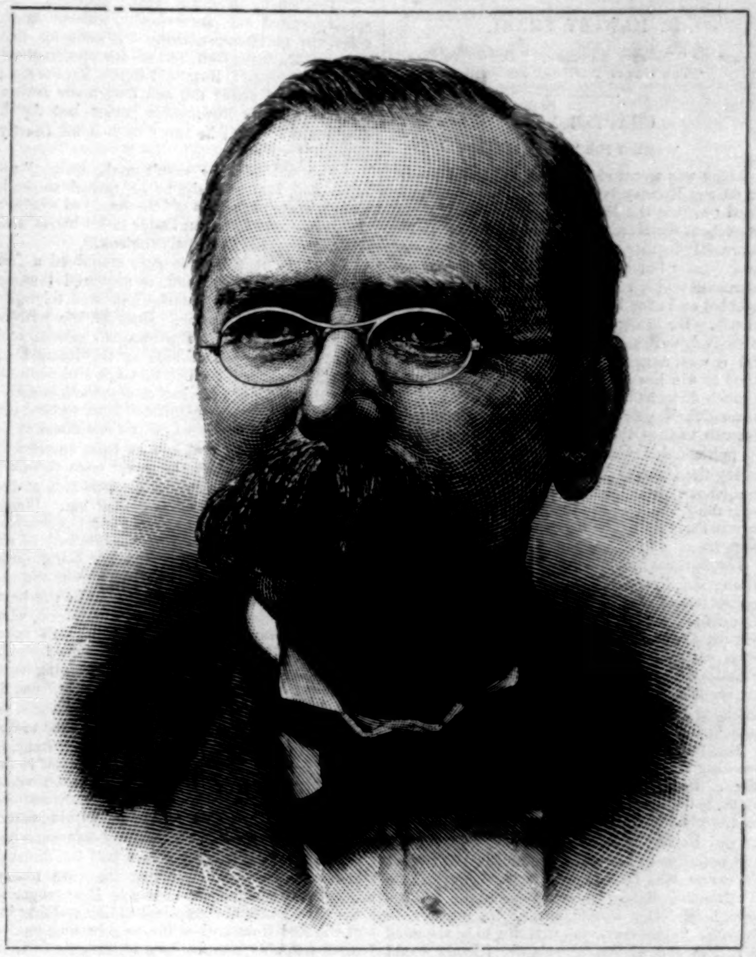


A DAY'S FISHING ON THE CHOLERA BANKS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 721.]

1. Patient Waiters. 2. On the Banks. 3. A little too rough for them. 4. An ugly Customer. 5. Professionals. 6. "Bound in." 7. A dip to Leeward. 8. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. 9. An Interval for Lunch.



DR. C. C. GRAHAM, CENTENARIAN, OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
Photographed by E. Klauber.—[See Page 725.]



THE HON. WILLIAM R. GRACE, CITIZENS' CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 717.]

RTELL'S
BRANDIES
GET
WILLIAMSON
Arthur Hopkins

"HA! HERE COMES THE TISSUE! OPEN IT, SOMEBODY, AND SHOUT IT OUT."—[See Serial "From Post to Finish," Page 720.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WAITING FOR "THE WIRE."

THERE was tremendous excitement at Doncaster on the Monday before the St. Leger when it oozed out that the Dancing Master was now the property of Sir Marmaduke, and would run in his colors. It further transpired that the horse had been quietly but persistently backed to win an enormous stake, and that the money had been dribbled on in the interest of the Baronet and his friends. Bushranger also had arrived, looking excessively well, and evidently trained to the hour, and it was rumored the Panton Lodge stable stood to win heavily on that horse. The public is much disturbed in its mind about which of Sir Marmaduke's pair to intrust with their money. Veteran turfites think it more prudent to back the pair coupled, while some good judges, remembering the Dancing Master's performance at Epsom, shake their heads and prophesy he won't be in the first three, and that if Sir Marmaduke is to win the Leger it will be by the aid of Bushranger.

The Baronet has had a very good year upon the whole, and, in racing parlance, taken a deal of money out of the Ring. It is whispered about that if the Dancing Master wins, that erratic body will be about broke, which, when Bill Greyson hears, causes him to shake his head and remark, "That's an ominous sign. My colt's fit to run for his life, but the man or the horse to break the Ring I've never seen in all my five-and-thirty years' experience, and don't expect to."

Jim Forrest down at Newmarket is anxiously awaiting the result of the struggle on the Town Moor. He is in a hurry to grow rich, and, as we know, he invested part of his Goodwood winnings on his old charge, and at a pretty remunerative price. He fidgets dreadfully. He wishes now he had not allowed his pride to stand in the way of his career, that he had gone to Doncaster to ride the Dancing Master as Sir Marmaduke had required. "Utter snobbishness," he mutters to himself. "As if there was anything to be ashamed of! Not one of my father's old friends would think a bit the worse of me, and I should like to ride the winner of the Leger. I wonder whether he will do his best with Blackton?"

Jim is waiting with a little knot of lost spirits whose ill luck compels them to attend to their vocations at Newmarket instead of being present at the great carnival of the North. They may be at Newmarket in the flesh, clustering like bees in the gateway of the Rutland, but in spirit they are all on the breezy Town Moor, absorbed in the struggle for the Leger.

Will the telegram never come? The big race was set for three, and it is half past, and still no news. Why can't these Doncaster officials keep "Newmarket time," and have the horses in the hands of the starter to the minute? False starts! Yes, there may have been. There were sixteen that memorable year at Epsom when Macaroni did Lord Clifden a head, and Blue Mantle went to the top of the hill in thirteen of them, the race being run an hour late in consequence, and Blue Mantle's chance of a place comfortably extinguished.

Are we ever to hear— Ha! here comes the tissue! Open it, somebody, and shout it out.

FEDORA	1
COMET	2
BUSHRANGER	3

"Fedora!" murmur a score of voices. "The mare that was so badly beaten in both the Oaks in May and the Great Yorkshire Stakes last month! What was she quoted at?"

"I can't say at the post, but she was at fifty to one on Monday at Tattersall's, and not mentioned in the betting last night at Doncaster," quoth a gentleman in a white hat, and whose nether garments fitted his extremities like eel-skins, reminding one of that apostrophe addressed to an eminent sporting character:

> Look at his breeches,
> Clinging like leeches
> To his thin legs!

"Ah," responded a bulbous-nosed man whose artistically folded white scarf was decorated with a fox's-tooth pin, "these 'ere mares upsets all calculations with their will and their won't sort of conduct."

"And Newmarket ain't in it," said a pimply-faced man, in a querulous, piping voice.

"Not in it!" said the gentleman with the attenuated legs. "Why, it's placed third, and what do you call that?"

"Not a morsel of use when I've backed it to be placed first," piped the pimply-faced one. "I know what happened. He's been fooled away, that's what he has. Sir Marmaduke may be clever, but he's just like all these young 'uns—he's too dashed clever to last. He went for a tremendous stake over an uncertain brute like the Dancing Master, and he sacrificed Bushranger to make the running for the other. He ought to have won, that's what he ought. Rode his head off, that's what they did"; and muttering something about there being a wonderful lot of dashed fools about, the pimply-faced gentleman retired in high dudgeon.

"Old Sammy don't like it when his pick don't win, and he's a tidy judge too, and pricks the garter oftener than most of us," observed the bulbous-nosed man, with a comprehensive wink at the company; "and now, if anybody's had a good race, and wants to know what I'll take, I'm agreeable to give it a name."

"Yes, you're generally that," remarked the spidery-legged one, sarcastically, without much reference to circumstances. "I went for this Dancing Master myself, and he don't warrant my calling for 'pop.' But, lor'! here's Mr. Forrest; he knows all about the colt that made such a show of all our Newmarket horses last April. What is it? Can't he stay? or is it his beastly temper?"

"I should think he wasn't in the humor," replied Jim, sententiously, as he turned to walk away and digest the news. He wondered whether the gray would have run better in his hands, and what it was that had upset the colt.

The next morning's papers contained a full account of the race, and it appeared thereby that the man of the pimples had been tolerably right in his deductions. Most of the writers were of opinion that Bushranger's chance had been deliberately sacrificed in the interest of Dancing Master, for which horse he had avowedly made running. He had finished a fair third, and with unflinching gameness, after forcing the pace nearly the whole way; and it seemed to be the general belief that had he been handled in more judicious fashion, he would most certainly have proved a thorn in the winner's side at the finish, if he had not fairly beaten her. Comet was pronounced to have shown himself a wonderfully good horse, considering the infirmity of his understandings had precluded his being quite wound up to concert pitch. The winner and the Dancing Master were pronounced alike the bane of those thorough-going backers of horses, who, betting in small sums simply for sport's sake, were guided mainly in their investments by public form. "What are we to say concerning these two most unsatisfactory animals?" asked one of the cleverest of the critical band. "Fedora, on her previous form, had not a hundred-to-one chance for the Leger; while as for the Dancing Master—great horse as he showed himself in the Guineas—he has never since in the least vindicated that performance, and has now confirmed the impression we have always had of him, namely, that he is an arrant cur, and will only win when the race is at his mercy before half the distance has been traversed. It was the case to-day. Despite the bold front shown by Bushranger at the Rifle Butts, the gray looked like walking in; at the Red House, when the pace became hot, he cut it palpably, and declined to struggle further. Few of my followers can have had a satisfactory Leger. Don't let them blame me, but the two most inconsistent horses in training—a pair never to be despised, but never to be depended on. Sir Marmaduke, had he pinned his faith to Bushranger, would have probably had a far pleasanter settling next Monday; while the few followers of Fedora have doubtless scarcely got back the money she owes them."

But there was one man who was very jubilant and in high feather at the success of Fedora, and that was Cuthbert Elliston. The mare was trained, though not at Riddleton, at a neighboring racing stable; and Elliston knew that she was considered pretty smart by those immediately connected with her. She was, he knew, all wrong when she ran for the Oaks; and holding as he did that the Derby horses were very moderate, he and Pearson backed Fedora for the Leger to win them a very nice stake. After the mare's ignominious display at York, they, in conjunction with her trainer and owner, looked upon her Doncaster chance as utterly hopeless, and she would never have been even sent there if it had not been for Sam Pearson, who, with true Yorkshire tenacity, was desirous of a run for his money, and offered to pay all her expenses to the Town Moor if her owner would start her for the Leger.

He, in fact, had done just what old Greyson had with regard to the Dancing Master for the Two Thousand, and with equal success. He, his partner, and the Ring, indeed, were the principal winners by Fedora's victory.

"I suppose he wouldn't try with you?" was Bill Greyson's remark as he met Blackton coming moodily back from his bootless ride.

"He's a proper sulky brute, that's what he is," replied the disgusted jockey, as the trainer took the horse by the bridle. "Just as he came to the Red House I thought there was nothing in it but Bushranger and myself, and felt sure I should beat him for speed. I got a little shut in at the turn, and the gray at once curled up, and declined to make any further effort. Just then Fedora came with a wet sail, and I saw had her field safe, but if I'd been on Bushranger we'd have taken the Leger to Newmarket, I fancy."

"I dare say," returned Greyson, quietly. He was no great admirer of Blackton, who was much too garrulous to stand high in the old trainer's estimation. Moreover, he was not the man to make excuses for his charges when they failed to justify the opinion formed about them. The worse they were thought of in their hour of defeat, the better the crafty trainer knew was their chance of redeeming their character in some big handicap, and handicaps were a *spécialité* Greyson rather laid himself out for. Add to this it was his bounden duty to do his best for Sir Marmaduke, whose horse the Dancing Master was, at all events for the time; but about this latter business he was speedily relieved of all concern. Sir Marmaduke sent for him the day after the race, and came to the point at once with all his characteristic frankness.

"I'm not going to pretend, Greyson, but that I am much disappointed with the Dancing Master's running, but pray don't think I blame you in the least for his most unsatisfactory performance. He was as fit as hands could make him, and if he ran badly it was simply Blackton could do nothing with him. But the mystification about him for betting purposes is now played out. Everybody knows that he is to all intents and purposes my horse, and therefore you had better send him down to join my string at Newmarket. Don't think for a moment I'm not satisfied, or suppose Pipes can make more of the horse than you, but he's a queer-tempered one, and we shall at all events understand him better when we have him in our own hands."

"I hope you may, Sir Marmaduke. All I can tell you about him is that he's never sick nor sorry, and his legs are of iron. He can both race and stay—*when he likes.* He may win races, but his jockeys, be they who they may, won't. He may take it into his head as he did at Newmarket to simply smother his field, but he won't be helped by his rider. I can only wish you luck with him, Sir Marmaduke, and he shall be sent off to Pipes to-morrow."

"Thank you, Greyson," replied the Baronet. "Hum!" he muttered to himself as the trainer left the room; "it strikes me I've made a baddish deal of it. I shall most likely never get a good race out of the gray, and I certainly threw away my Leger chance by becoming his temporary owner. Blackton swears he could have won on Bushranger; but then he's such a conceited beggar, he always thinks he could have won on anything. My impression is nothing would have beaten Fedora yesterday, though mine would have doubtless been nearer if he hadn't been made so much use of." And having arrived at this conclusion, Sir Marmaduke, with his usual nonchalance, dismissed the subject from his mind.

Jim Forrest is amongst those terribly discontented with the result of the big Doncaster race. He can not help thinking that the Dancing Master would have acquitted himself better in his hands than he did in those of Blackton; and he has only himself to blame that he was not upon the gray's back. He knows it has been a very costly race for his employer and his friends, and he feels very sore in thinking that it might have been in his power to avert this. Captain Farrington, for one, has been very kind to him, and Jim feels pretty sure that that placid plunger was amongst those heavily hit. The more he thinks of it, the more he recognizes that his present *incognito* is almost at an end. He is paying one of the ordinary penalties of success of the time we live in: emerge from the ruck, and it matters little what your pseudonym may be, the public, before many days, will know all about you. Do you suppose we should have been many weeks in ignorance concerning the author of *Ivanhoe* in the present decade, or have been the least in the dark about the "Junius Letters" before half a dozen of them had been penned? No; the electric light, ay, the lime light, is on most of those who distinguish themselves, and their past history speedily unearthed, listened to, and probably published.

Jim Forrest is conscious that from false pride he has missed a great opportunity, perchance lost his patrons much money (there was no saying how the Dancing Master *might* have behaved in his hands), and delayed the discovery that Gerald Rockingham and Jim Forrest were one but a little. To be ashamed of one's trade is pitiful snobbishness. An you are a brick-maker, stick to it your bricks are of vastly better make than your neighbor's. An you be an actor, openly proclaim that you are the one man whose reading of *Hamlet* can be accepted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SIR MARMADUKE "CALLS FOR HIS JACKET."

THERE were two other events bearing upon this history that marked the close of what was destined to be known in turf chronicles as Comet's year. The winner of the Derby, in the argot of the turf, is always sponsor to that. The votaries of the race-course disdain numerals, and with them '67 is the Hermit's year, '81 Iroquois' year, etc. The first of these was that Jim Forrest received a note from Sir Marmaduke, at the opening October Meeting, which called upon him formally to send in his jacket.

The epistle was kind and courteous in the extreme; it commenced, "Dear Mr. Rockingham," contained no allusion to his heavy losses, nor the slightest hint that Jim, but for his false pride, might perchance have averted them. He merely said he severed their connection with great regret, but that he expected unhesitating obedience from all who served him, and that it would be painful to himself to exact that from Gerald now he knew his real position. Gerald was not to think that his desire to conceal his identity by refusing to ride at York and Doncaster was the cause of his jacket being called for; "that," continued the Baronet, "will speedily cure itself; for, though I promise to respect your secret, it is idle to suppose that it will be many weeks before your story is generally known; but I should feel very uncomfortable about having your father's son in my employment as a servant. Any assistance I can render you I will; there is no reason you should not have some of my riding when it suits you to take it, but there must be no permanent engagement between us, on account of the feeling I have already mentioned. With considerable admiration for your pluck in choosing such a career, and wishing you every luck in it,

"I remain, yours most sincerely,
"MARMADUKE MARTINDALE."

To Farrington and one or two of his intimates the Baronet was perfectly candid about the withdrawal of his jacket. "He told me his story," he said, "and I admire his resolution as much as his riding; but I don't hold with the employment of gentlemen out of their class. It never works; they can't forget their old caste, and every now and again jib at the work. I engaged Forrest with a special object in view, and when it comes to the point he declines to ride. He gave his reasons—I understand them: he was ashamed to acknowledge he had lost caste. But I had laid out a stiffish lot of money on the faith of our engagement, and though it perhaps made no difference really, I should certainly not have adopted my late tactics had I not counted on having the call of Jim Forrest."

The second event was that Cuthbert Elliston, flushed with his success over Fedora, conceived the idea of buying Cranley Chase—not the property, for that was far beyond his mark, but just the house and adjoining land. There had been so far no bid for the property in its integrity, and Writson was sadly contemplating the necessity of selling it piecemeal. The creditors of the late Squire were growing impatient at the tardiness with which his estate was administered, and, if it were possible to hurry a lawyer, would have long ago realized on Cranley. But Writson, with all the immovability of his class, insisted that his duty to all concerned required him to sell Cranley to the very best advantage, and that, though some of the land might sell better if disposed of in small lots, the house itself would certainly fetch very much less if shorn of its broad acres. That people who wanted a good country house invariably wanted a good range of shooting with it, and would hardly look at a place that had only a beggarly five hundred acres attached to it. In selling a property like Cranley, one always had to cast about for a purchaser. Men able to spend two hundred thousand pounds in buying an estate were not to be found every market-day; that they would get the money in due course; but it was undoubtedly a matter of some little time. Impatient creditors take this reasoning according to their respective temperaments; the milder trusting "the time may be as little as possible"; the irritable with the peppery retort that "if the time is not deuced short, they intend to precious soon know why."

To these latter as to their milder brethren Writson listens perfectly impassive. The old lawyer is determined not to break up a fine landed property if he can help it, and has by no means abandoned the idea of finding a purchaser for it in the whole, although, to allay the excited feelings of the creditors, to speak metaphorically, within maddening sight of their money, he proceeds leisurely to lot the estate. This naturally very soon reaches Sam Pearson's ears, who, in the course of conversation at the First October Meeting, mentions it to his partner, when, to his unbounded astonishment, Cuthbert Elliston expresses his intention of buying "the Chase" itself, if the property is sold in lots.

"Why, what the deuce do you want with it?" inquired Pearson.

"A sentimental weakness, Sam; I don't like the old place going clean out of the family."

"But how do you propose to find the money?" inquired the attorney. "I don't know exactly how they'll lot it; but I take it you want at least thirty thousand to buy 'the Chase' with. Besides, you are the last man I should have suspected of a sentimental weakness."

"People always *do* overlook the good points in my character," returned Elliston, with a sneer. "As for the money, another *coup* or two like Fedora, and there will be no trouble about that. Perhaps I want to restore the place to my cousin Gerald, eh?"

"Gerald Rockingham wasn't at Doncaster," replied Pearson, dryly.

"What the devil do you mean by that?" snapped his companion.

"It's singular," continued the attorney, "but you never win when Jim Forrest is riding. I am not superstitious, but I shouldn't follow you when he is upon the course."

"No; you're right, Sam. That young whelp's dark face always brings me bad luck. I've said so since the day he won the Two Thousand. I should like him to know that I am owner of the Chase."

"It will annoy him, no doubt, considering the ill blood there is between you."

"Yes; I believe the dislike is pretty mutual," replied Elliston.

"It usually is," rejoined the attorney; "and the bitter words you flung at him that winter's day at Cranley were overhard for a man to forget. If ever there was a case of curses, like chickens, coming home to roost, it was the taunt you threw at him about getting his living as a pad-groom or gamekeeper. By Jove, he took the hint, and when he drove Pibroch home a head in front of Phaeton at Goodwood, must have felt that he was repaying that jibe with interest."

"What, in Heaven's name, makes you rake up all the causes of my antipathy? I am not likely to hate him less because you recapitulate the many reasons I have for wishing he may break his neck," retorted Elliston, sharply. "In the mean while, I suppose you will see about this Cranley business for me."

"Certainly; but there is no hurry. I know old Writson well; he is not the man to sell, much less let, a property off-hand. You'll have plenty of opportunity of landing another *coup* before you're required to plank up the money."

"So much the better; but I'll buy Cranley if I break over it, if it is only to spite that cursed young whelp."

"By-the-way," said Pearson, "I had a letter from Writson to know what you proposed to do about those bills. He won't hear of compromising for a thousand, and hints pretty broadly that he thoroughly understands how to make the most of them unless they are redeemed at what *he* considers an adequate price."

"And that is?"

"Three; and if he doesn't get that, he hints unmistakably at putting them into the hands of Lord Whitby, and, I suppose, telling him the whole Rockingham story highly garnished."

"Yes; and Whitby hates me, and has already said I ought to have been warned off the turf. I can't quite afford another *exposé*, and Whitby would bore both the Jockey and Turf clubs about it *ad nauseam.* Alister's old friends could make the racing world look very shy at me, to say nothing of general society."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1439.

"Then take my advice. Pay up the three thousand, redeeming thereby the bills, and don't trouble your head about Cranley, a place you don't really want."

"You don't suppose I am going to pay as much as that? If it looks threatening, I shall perhaps advance on the original offer, but not to that extent. In the mean while, when Cranley is in the market let me know, and what the figure is. I dare say part of the purchase-money could be easily left on mortgage, or you could raise it elsewhere in similar manner."

"Yes, no doubt; but I can't, for the life of me, see what you want with the place."

"Never mind—it's my whim," returned Elliston, fiercely, "and it shall go hard but what I gratify it."

Pearson said no more. He knew well the dogged obstinacy of the man with whom he had to deal. Heartless in his loves, implacable in his dislikes. The attorney knew that Elliston's hatred of Gerald Rockingham was quite sufficient to make him strain every nerve to become master of Cranley Chase, with no other motive than the malignant desire to pain the boyish cousin to whom he had already wrought sufficient injury. Sam Pearson had seen too much of the seamy side of life not to be thoroughly aware that men are wont to hate those they have wronged, and he did dimly understand that mixed with this feeling in Elliston's case was a superstitious fear that Gerald Rockingham was his evil star on a race-course. That the presence of some individual is fatal to one's luck is a very common superstition of the gaming-table, and many racing men have similar fancies. Elliston had certainly some warrant for this feeling as regarded his cousin.

Gerald knew that he had thrown a chance away, but that was nothing. In the position he had reached in his profession he would doubtless have his opportunity of riding the winner of those great three-year-old contests which are designated the classic races, again before long. But he was honestly sorry he had not gone North, and endeavored to do his best for Sir Marmaduke and his friends. Another thing, too; he had received a letter from Dollie, upbraiding him for not fulfilling his promise of meeting her at York. The girl had looked forward to seeing him and hearing him hailed the hero of the hour, and her disappointment was great. Moreover, she was much too quick-witted not to read aright the meaning of his absence, and it troubled her.

"It was cruel of you, dear Gerald," she wrote, "to throw me over at the last. I had so looked forward to those days on the Knavesmire, and so prayed to witness your triumph, and now you say you can not come, and all the salt is taken out of my holiday. I am afraid that it was the fear of being recognized prompted you to give up York and Doncaster. But, Gerald, if you are ashamed to be known as a professional and successful jockey in such a horse-loving country as this, where every one thinks so much of a good horse or a good horseman, how will you ever have the courage to marry a trainer's daughter? I love you very dearly, but if I thought you could ever be ashamed of me as your wife, I would never go to church with you. Write to me at once, and tell me that it is not so.

"Yours, ever lovingly, DOLLIE."

That this letter met with a speedy reply need scarcely be said. Gerald acknowledged the girl was right in her surmise, but indignantly denied that he could ever have any such feeling concerning their marriage. He owned he was a thorough snob to be above avowing his trade, but that he meant manfully to follow his calling wherever it led him in the future, and wound up by saying that nobody had suffered for his foolishness so severely as himself.

Dollie, however, was not quite to be assuaged by soft words. Her next letter was affectionate enough, but she gave Gerald to understand that she would wait for him as long as he liked, that he should choose his own time to proclaim his identity, but that she would not marry him until the world knew that Gerald Rockingham and Jim Forrest were one.

Gerald was not much disturbed by this epistle. He knew now that the time was very near at hand when every one would know that he was Jim Forrest; that fact was likely to be promulgated much sooner than he would be able to marry; but his luck seems to have departed with Sir Marmaduke's jacket. He gets plenty of riding this First October Meeting, and has no cause to complain of his mounts if the way they are backed by their respective stables be any test. Those immediately connected with the horses undoubtedly believe in their chances, but somehow they are never quite good enough, and, do what he will, Jim Forrest can not succeed in being first past the post. Sir Marmaduke and his followers, on the contrary, are in high feather, and rapidly recovering their Doncaster losses. Cuthbert Elliston, too, who had commenced by backing one of the Panton Lodge favorites, jumps to the conclusion that the stable is in for a run of luck, and steadily follows Sir Marmaduke's colors throughout the meeting, with a result that causes him to exclaim in exulting tones to Pearson as they travel back to town at the conclusion of the meeting:

"The charm is broken, my star at last is in the ascendant, luck has turned, and I'll buy Cranley Chase. That young beggar has had his day; it's my turn now. They pronounced him a great horseman just because he was fortunate enough to win with Pibroch at Goodwood. He had plenty of chances this week."

"You are talking nonsense if you say the lad can't ride. He can. I told you I should never follow your advice on a race-course if young Rockingham was there, and I'm a poorer man this week in consequence. But, mark me, I'm not usually a superstitious man, yet I firmly believe that boy will be your ruin; that in the end he's as surely bound to avenge his father over that Phaeton Leger—you remember you would not allow either Greyson or myself to give him a hint—as that we are sitting in this train."

Elliston's sole reply was a savage malediction, but he was secretly much dismayed at finding that his partner still clung firmly to the idea that young Rockingham was his evil star.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FISHING ON THE CHOLERA BANKS.

IN the summer of 1832 Captain LYMAN BEBE, commander of the fishing smack *Mary*, of New York, discovered a most notable fishing bank about twenty miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook, toward Fire Island. As 1832 was the year of the "great cholera," and as the dread disease and its progress was the one topic of conversation in everybody's mouth, Captain BEBE, following the bent of his own melancholy thoughts, named his new-found fishing ground the "Cholera Banks"—a name that they have retained ever since. The origin of the name has in late years afforded a fertile subject for speculation, and some persons are so prejudiced by it as to declare that nothing would tempt them to eat a fish coming from such a place.

Another reef, famous for its fish, and known as the "Fishing Banks," extends from just off the Highlands of Navesink, down the Jersey coast past Long Branch, to a point about opposite Squan Beach. Both of these are favorite resorts for piscatorially inclined New-Yorkers, who visit them on the small steamers that, during the summer season, make daily excursions to the Banks.

As the Cholera Banks afford the best sport, it was to this fishing ground that our artist went in search of material for the sketches with which he has adorned page 718. Starting at so early an hour that his eyes were still heavy with unexpended sleep, the artist-fisherman soon found himself steaming down the bay, in company with a hundred more devotees of the sport, some of whom were heavy-eyed and inclined to grumble at the early hour of starting, while others were bright, cheerful, and full of excitement at the prospect of the day's sport. Down the bay, through the Narrows, across the lower bay, and out at sea steams the little craft on which they are embarked. Past the red light-ship, and twenty miles due east from Sandy Hook, she runs, and then begins the search for the Banks. The pilot takes ranges by several of the big hotels, of which so many have been erected during recent years along the south shore of Long Island; a man in the bows takes soundings; and if the day be clear, the steamer is soon brought to anchor directly above the fish-haunted reef, and a hundred eager lines are dropped overboard. If, however, the day is overcast and hazy, so that objects on land can not be distinguished, there are more chances against than there are for finding the Banks, and many a steamer-load of disappointed excursionists has returned to New York fishless and disgusted on this account.

Before the great hotels were built the best known of the old ranges for the Banks were a cupola that rose above Evergreen Cemetery and a hollow in the sand hills along shore; and in those days to anchor directly over the fishing ground was much more difficult than it is now.

Once at anchor the fun and trouble begin together. It is fun to catch fish; but seasickness is among the saddest of human experiences, and many of those who have bravely endured the pitching to which the steamer has been treated ever since she left Sandy Hook succumb at once to the motion that succeeds it as soon as she comes to anchor, and rises and falls with regular, ceaseless monotony on the long swells. Of those thus stricken the majority crawl into retired corners and yield unreservedly to their misery; but some stand bravely to their lines, and pull in their fish between intervals of obligatory offerings to Neptune.

Apart from these, and making light of their wretchedness, stand the professionals and toughened amateurs, smoking short pipes, hauling in fish, making cruel jokes upon the condition of the novices, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. They bait their hooks with hard-shell clams, skillfully toss their leaden sinkers far out from the steamer's side, let run fourteen fathoms, or eighty odd feet, of line, and haul in sea-bass, black-fish, flukes, rock cod, weak-fish, porgies, or whatever else comes to hand. Once in a while a line goes whizzing through the water with a wild rush, there is a protracted struggle, and an ugly customer, in the form of an evil-eyed shark, either breaks the line and escapes, or is hauled on board amid general excitement and much rejoicing.

The first catch of the day is always watched for with the greatest interest, for upon it depends the ownership of a number of small pools that have been made up among the passengers. Other points to be scored are the largest catches of the day in point of numbers and weight, and the catching of the heaviest single fish. In these contests the novices are very apt to come out losers; for they spend much time in studying the points and admiring the beauties of the fish they have caught, while the professional, after jerking one fish off his hook, proceeds steadily with the business of catching another without so much as turning his head to look at the victims already secured.

About noon an interval is devoted to lunch, and the fish are allowed a respite. Clam chowder, beer, and hard-tack are unfailing elements in this lunch, which invariably upsets many a stomach that has thus far successfully resisted the assaults of the sea. The professionals, however, consume the lunch with great glee. They rejoice in their own strength, and gloat over the weakness of those who, reproachfully averting their gaze from the chowder pot, leave them the larger share.

Late in the afternoon the anchor is lifted, lines are drawn in, and the steamer is headed toward home. Then comes a time of great interest. The fish are cleaned, sorted, weighed, examined with care, passed around for inspection, and commented upon. Special lots are laid aside for home consumption and for distribution among friends; and frequently those who have made the large catches, and have more than they know how to dispose of otherwise, raffle them off, or present them to the crew of the steamer.

It is on this homeward-bound trip that the novice begins to recover his spirits and actually to enjoy himself. He feels better as soon as the Hook is passed; and once inside the Narrows, he is possessed of an enormous appetite for sandwiches, a consuming thirst for beer, and a burning desire to relate to any who will listen his own thrilling experiences under other circumstances, and to give logical reasons for becoming seasick on this occasion, which is, of course, the very first time such a thing ever happened to him.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE word mugwump has gone a long way in a short time. Twelve months ago almost nobody knew what a mugwump was outside of those who can read Eliot's Indian Bible. Now the word has a significance for everybody. Mark Twain candidly and gleefully admits that he is a mugwump. The word has been received in England as warmly as the old Stilton cheese or the prime roast beef of Old England which are regularly sent over from this country.

The sea is cracking and scaling off in Turner's painting of the "Disembarkation of William III." in the National Gallery in London. Ruskin has said that all of Turner's coloring must meet this fate, but an attempt will be made to arrest the disintegration in the picture named, which is called one of the great colorist's finest works.

"Wanted, by a lady, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectably dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day," is an advertisement which it is averred appeared recently in good faith in a German newspaper.

A correspondent writes that Englishmen eat at much shorter intervals than Americans are accustomed to. The farm laborer eats four meals daily, and the correspondent says that "in one of the stateliest baronial halls in England" he has seen posted in one of the rooms the orders of the day for the service of meals, which showed that the table was spread at intervals of four hours during the day and evening. This is not evolution according to George Francis Train, who eats only once in twenty-four hours, and who hailed Dr. Tanner as the most advanced of men.

What concise and forcible information the telegraph sometimes brings out of the great West! "W. W. Payne, the millionaire cattle-dealer, had a dispute about a debt with Mark Parkinson, a cow-boy, at Deer Trail, yesterday. Parkinson suddenly drew a gun, and Payne fell dead in the presence of his wife and children."

Men digging building sand near Fonda, in the Mohawk Valley, recently unearthed a skeleton which is considered an interesting relic. The body lay with the breast up, while the skull was turned face down, and it is inferred that the man was decapitated before burial. From the make of a large pistol and a dagger a foot and a half long, found buried with the bones, it is inferred that the remains are those of a French officer. There was also found with the skeleton a fragment of a clay pipe of the style that gentlemen smoked upward of a century ago. The grave was only two feet deep.

We believe that rather than for politeness, Boston has been distinguished for mind. At the same time, mind may choose to concern itself about politeness, and a Boston newspaper has recently engaged in an investigation of street-car etiquette. "One observes," it says in the course of its remarks, "that it is not at present the fashion to surrender a seat to a lady, unless, indeed, she be either tottering with age or bowed down with the burden of a baby." The body of this rule holds good in New York street cars, but the exceptions are not especially insisted upon. If a lady is pretty she can get a seat in a car here without the need of either age or a baby.

A dispatch was recently sent from Independence, Missouri, to an inland town in Scotland, and an answer was received in one hour and ten minutes. That is what the telegraph men call fast time. There were four transfers on this side, and five on the other.

The "popular end man" of a New England negro minstrel troupe has been elected to the Vermont Legislature. He expects to find in the course of the session much material that will be of future use to him in his profession.

The wife of a Vermont farmer has attracted attention and got into the newspapers because she trudged into a town with a big bundle on her back. In Germany attention would be attracted by a farmer's wife who should trudge into a town without a bundle on her back.

Two or three years ago it was believed in the oil regions of Pennsylvania and New York that the petroleum-producing pools had been pretty accurately outlined by the sinking of wells. But a well was opened a few days ago which yielded at the rate of over five thousand barrels a day—nearly twice as much as the flow of the wells in the Cherry Grove district, which astonished the world a little less than three years ago.

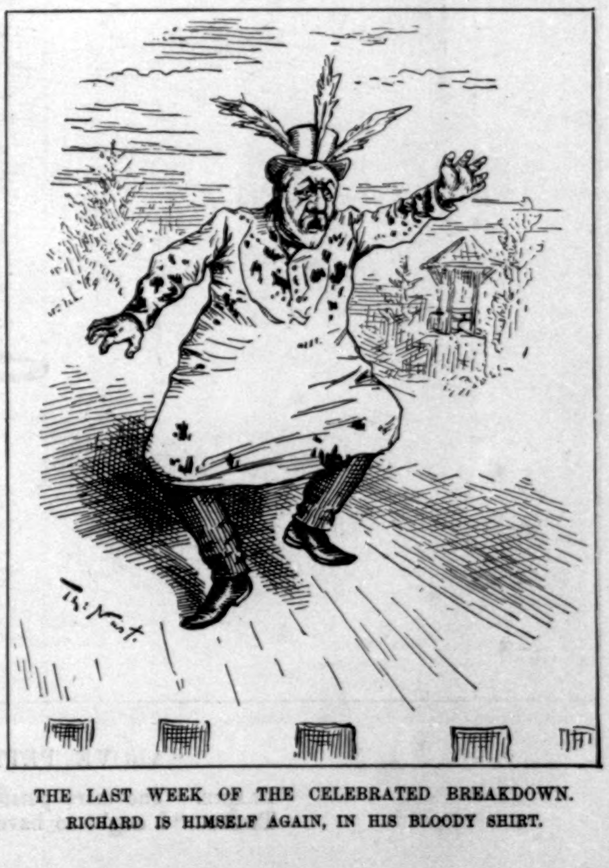
The number of pupils in the public schools of this city whose hearing is so imperfect that they can receive but little instruction in the classes with other pupils is so great, according to the assertion of a physician, that separate instruction for them is demanded. The results of his observations in the schools have been laid before the Board of Education, and the matter has been referred to a committee for consideration.

Three persons have been injured recently by explosions of gas in the sewers of Long Island City, otherwise known as Hunter's Point. The odors of that region are so many and so substantial that the presence of sewer gas is not detected till something bursts.

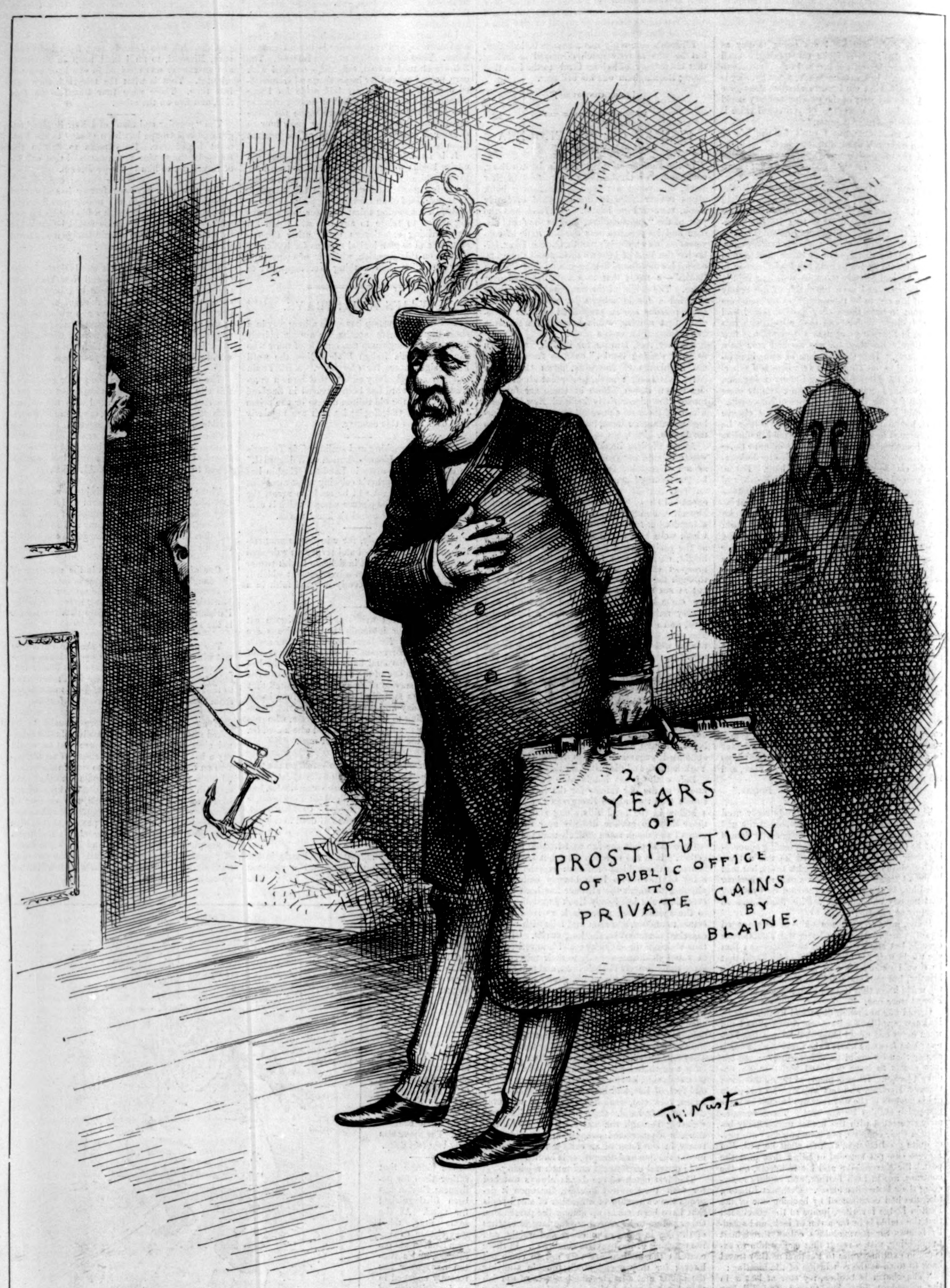
One of the topics of Paris is the marriage of the daughter of Worth, the famous man-milliner, to the son of Delbalke, the millionaire tailor. The journals of that city print long lists of wealthy Parisian tradesmen, and declare that the needle is the sceptre of the day.

The project to hold a baby show in Paris was met with the most determined opposition in some quarters, and the proposed show was finally forbidden by the Prefect of Police. Dr. Proast wrote to that official that such an exhibition on a large scale must be a slaughter-house of infants.

If an American citizen were casually to be asked what he thought was involved in the original election bet, the chances are that he would say a hat; though he might speak of an obligation on the part of the loser to remain unbarbered for a year or so, or to trundle the other man through the main street at noonday in a wheelbarrow. In Vallejo, California, two citizens of opposite politics have laid a wager upon the coming election which provides a penalty that is also quite disagreeable. The loser must stand upon a conspicuous street corner and black the boots of passers-by from seven o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon. The winner will drum up custom for him.

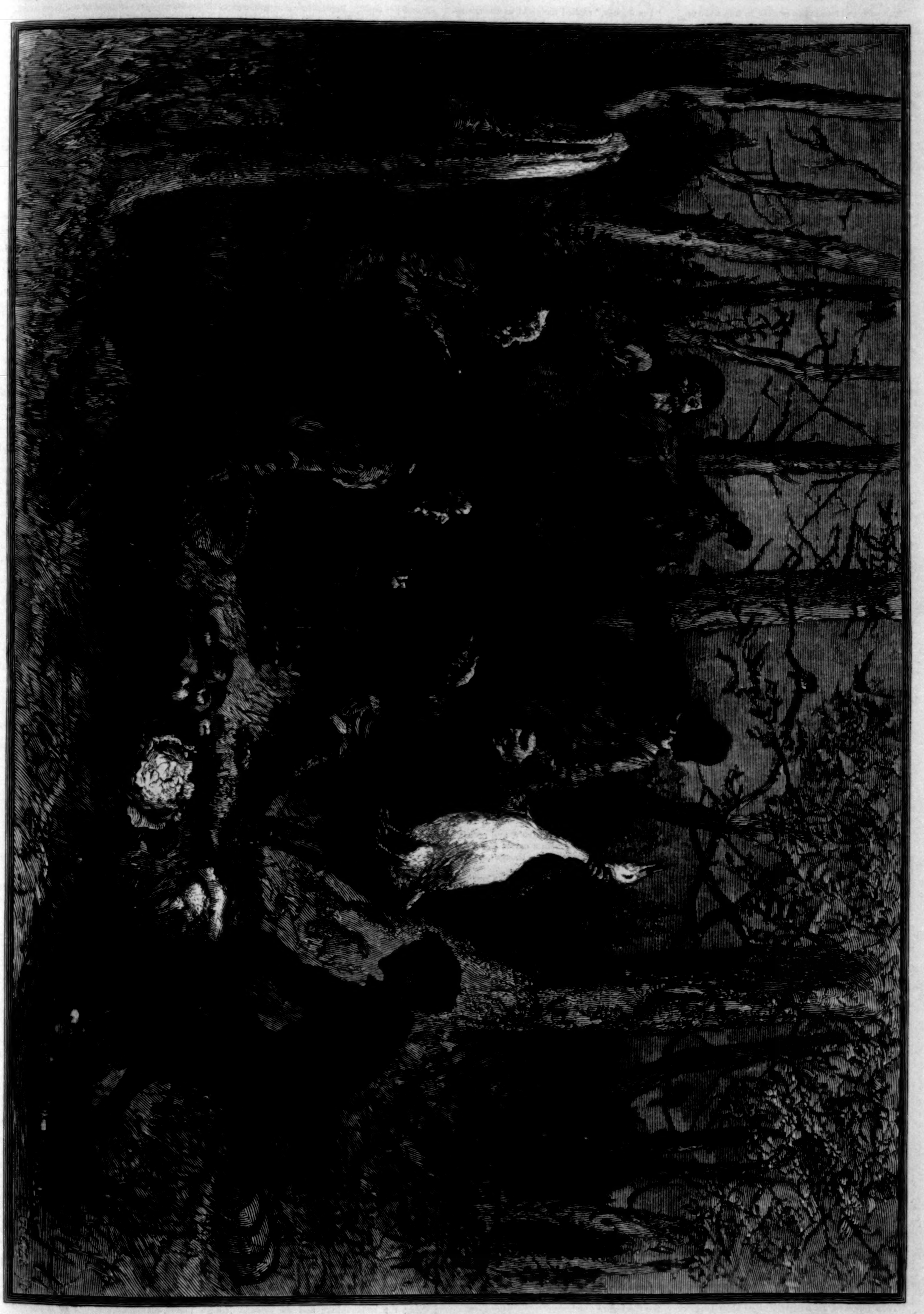


THE LAST WEEK OF THE CELEBRATED BREAKDOWN.
RICHARD IS HIMSELF AGAIN, IN HIS BLOODY SHIRT.


20 YEARS OF PROSTITUTION OF PUBLIC OFFICE TO PRIVATE GAINS BY BLAINE.
Th. Nast.

"ABOVE PETTY PERSONAL ISSUES."—NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

BLAINE. "The mere personality of a candidate for President is of small consequence."
TWEED. "I ought to have run for the Presidency."



THE TRAMPS' PARADISE.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem on Page 724.]

THE TRAMPS' PARADISE.

[See Illustration on Page 723.]

They tramped into the wildwood that sunny summer day,
And each one brought an offering to help make up a feast,
But they very soon decided that the gem of the display
Was the goose shown most triumphantly by honest old man East—
It was a very queen of geese, and weighed twelve pounds at least.

"I never seen a goose," said East, "so trustin' an' so mild;
'Twas standin' in a barn-yard gate as I was goin' by,
An' out it waddles after me jess like a friendly child,
An' offers me its beak so sweet it almost makes me cry,
An' then insists on comin' too—it does—I wouldn't lie.

"Well, boys, we tramps an' tramps until we gits to that there lane
That leads to this 'ere shady roost in umberageous bowers;
An' then, thinks I, I'll carry it, for, though it don't complain,
It must be tired with our tramp of somethin' like two hours;
But sing'larly it dies before we reach yon wildwood flowers.

"An' now we'll make a fire, boys, an' have a little roast;
Spread the ontrays an' side dishes out ready for the feast;
An' w'en we drinks our beer-champagne, I'll give you for a toast,
May the tribe of sich confidin' geese be very much increased,
For I wouldn't *steal* a goose—oh no!" said honest old man East.

BENSON.

Benson was a club man, and women were his detestation, perhaps because he knew so little about them, or perhaps, figuratively speaking, because they flung themselves so palpably at his head. Whatever the reason, the fact remained the same: he disliked the women, and avoided them on all occasions. One enterprising widow offered him hand and heart in genuine orthodox fashion. Benson never recovered the shock. It made him misanthropical and pessimistical, and he refused an introduction to Fred Hunter's pretty sister, Mrs. Raymond, merely because she was a widow. It was his fear of widows that drove him to the wilds of Massachusetts, and it was his friend Fred Hunter that recommended Valley Echo Farm.

"It's beyond civilization," explained Fred, "and Aunt Ruth is a Quakeress—"

"Is she husbandless?" interrupted Benson.

"Yes, and likely to be till the end. She has lived alone for nearly sixty years now, so I fancy she likes it."

"Good! Your description pleases me. I'll go next week;" and so it happened that on a lovely June morning Benson found himself *en route* for Massachusetts.

Fred accompanied him to the junction. There he bade him a tender and solemn farewell.

"Beware of the widows," warned Fred, as the train gathered itself together and moved slowly along the rails.

"Ay, ay," rejoined Benson from the distance. "I'm safe this time."

"That remains to be seen," soliloquized Fred, as the train quickened its speed and bore Benson out of sight. "I am rather inclined to think your stay will be a short one." Then he laughed aloud, crossed the track, and took the lightning express home.

Benson settled himself in his seat with a restful feeling of security, and opening his papar, lost himself in its pages. He was a medium-sized man, with a strong, well-knit frame and bright, intelligent face. His income was more than enough for one, and the gossips said he only needed a wife to make him perfect. Benson disagreed with them; but then all the world knows that gossips know more about one's affairs than one knows one's self.

A few hours later Benson found himself on the platform of a deserted, barn-like-looking building, with nothing visible but sky and trees and grass, save the fast-receding train that seemed carrying all life away with it. He looked curiously around. The hot rails stretched themselves up and down, off and away into the distance, while in the rear of the building a grass-grown, daisy-covered roadway wound itself across the meadow to disappear in a tangle of bushes.

Where was all humanity? Valley Echo was indeed beyond civilization!

"Roads end in something," he reasoned, with a curious unbelief in his own logic as he looked at the labyrinth of trees across the meadow, so, shouldering the valise, he followed the trail of the daisies. The sun was warm, and he paused on the outskirts of the forest to light a cigarette. Under the dense shadows of the trees it was cool and delightful. A brook ran in and out, following the roadway. He stooped and drank of it. Benson walked on and on, seeing no signs of life, meeting no human being. He finally paused, bewildered.

Had he lost his way, or had he passed some road he should have taken? While he stood debating these questions a shrill, sweet voice sounded close beside him, calling, "Echo! Echo! Echo!" The mountains caught up the word, and flung it from height to height like a plaything. Then followed an outburst of childish laughter that repeated itself from the hill-sides till all the woods seemed alive with merriment; and before Benson could turn his head, a shaggy Shetland burst through the undergrowth of bushes and scrambled across the brook to his side.

"Who are you?" demanded its rider, a little fellow in kilts and curls.

"Jonathan Howard Benson," responded that individual, with a grave and profound bow. "And who are you?"

"I'm Jackey," replied the child, as though astonished at his ignorance. "Aunt Ruth sent me to meet you. We'll strap your bag on Tom's back," he added, slipping to the ground. He spoke with the manner and accent of a full-grown man.

Benson was amused, and looked curiously at the boy. In some intangible, indefinite way the little face seemed familiar.

Jackey showed Benson how to place the valise; then, with Tom's bridle over his arm, led the way through the woods to open farm lands, shut in on all sides by mountains rising one above another as far as eye could see.

"There's Valley Echo Farm," said the child, pointing to a cluster of low-roofed, straggling buildings some distance from them.

"Do you live alone with Aunt Ruth?" asked Benson, carelessly.

"No," replied the child, with a touch of anger. "I'm mamma's boy, and I live with her."

"How about papa?" asked Benson, in the same indifferent voice.

Jackey bared his yellow hair to the sun. "My papa is dead," he said, reverently, while Benson inwardly repented his question.

"Mamma is spending the summer with Aunt Ruth," continued Jackey, puzzled by Benson's silence, and finding the duties of host a little irksome.

Jackey's explanation startled Benson from his listlessness.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "is your mamma young?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

"And—and pretty?" stammered Benson, breathlessly.

Jackey nodded.

"One more question," begged Benson: "is your name Raymond?"

"Frederick Jackson Hunter Raymond, after Uncle Fred."

"I see it all," cried poor Benson, in dismay. "Fred's eagerness to get me off! His anxiety to send me here! It is because I refused an introduction. The widow is here, and he knows it. But I'll turn the tables. He'll expect to see me back to-morrow, and the men at the club will think it no end of a joke. I'll stay if she asks me to marry her forty times a day! I'll stay if I die for it!"

Jackey listened with frightened, wide-opened eyes.

"What's the matter, little fellow?" asked Benson, stopping short in his harangue, and laughing down into the childish, upturned face.

"Are you going to take my mamma away?" queried Jackey, with the suspicion of a sob.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Benson, piously.

They had reached Aunt Ruth's by this time. Jackey opened the unpainted gate, and the two passed up the path, bordered on either side by hollyhocks and sunflowers, to the low, red-painted house. Elms knotted their branches over its roof, roses clambered up its sides and nodded in the windows. A huge old apple-tree guarded the well-sweep in front, and a long line of outbuildings stretched themselves in the rear; on the left fields of grain rippled in the sun with a sea-like glimmer; and on the right stood a century-old orchard. Benson liked the place, but he sighed as a lady appeared in the doorway. Of course it was the widow, and of course she was pretty, with a round, brilliantly colored face, and magnificent eyes and teeth.

Benson looked at her furtively, and noted the simplicity of her dress with a covert sneer.

"One of her coquetries," he thought, and bowed with studied coldness.

The little widow seemed in no wise surprised. She held out her hand with genuine cordiality, a glimmer of fun shining under the long lashes.

"Fred wrote me to take good care of you," she said, brightly, with the manner and accent of one accustomed to society, "and you must tell me how to do it."

"I am unused to being cared for," said Benson, stiffly. "I shall need no entertaining."

"Then we will leave you alone," she answered, demurely, flashing him a quick glance from eyes that danced with mischief. "Jackey will show you your room; and tea is at six."

"Do you like my mamma? Is she very pretty?" demanded the child, mounting the narrow staircase step by step.

"Jackey," said Benson, solemnly, "wise children hold their tongues."

"But I am not wise, and I want to know," persisted Jackey, when some one called him from below, and he was obliged to leave with his question still unanswered.

Benson surveyed his room with delight. Its fresh muslin daintiness and quaint neatness pleased him. He liked the view from the windows, and the roses that hung in clusters over the blinds. He picked one of the buds and fastened it in his coat. He hardly knew why he did it himself, for he was not apt to decorate his person; perhaps the detested widow had something to do with it. He took especial pains with his hair, and looked critically at his features in the small glass over the wash-stand.

Aunt Ruth met him in the hall. She was white-haired and sweet-faced and soft-voiced.

"We give thee hearty greeting," she said, "but fear thee will find it dull; for we are still folks at the farm, and busy."

"I like the stillness," he answered, "and I like the farm."

She smiled placidly and bade him in to tea.

The low-ceilinged room was plain, but fresh and clean. The red-berried asparagus over the mantel, the oil-cloth on the floor, the paper shades fastened with bits of tape, seemed to him picturesque and appropriate. The table itself was white with linen and laden with dainties, and Aunt Ruth, in her Quaker costume, presided with the sweet, quaint dignity of her sect. The pretty widow sat opposite, quietly intent upon her supper and her child. Benson inwardly pronounced her a consummate flirt, yet his eyes never looked that way without a lingering glance of admiration.

After tea he sat under the lilacs and the maples and smoked his meerschaum in peace and solitude.

Mrs. Raymond left him quite to himself: she talked and laughed with him at the table, but during the day and evening Aunt Ruth and Jackey entertained him. It was Jackey that pointed out the still pools in the woods, where the fish bit as fast as he could throw; Jackey that climbed beside him up the mountains and showed him where to find the sweetest flowers and largest berries; Jackey that swung with him in the hammock, or lay stretched full length beside him on the grass. From morning till night Jackey. The two became inseparable. The child kissed him into wakefulness in the mornings, and fell asleep in his arms in the evenings; and when the little fellow was tucked away for the night, Benson visited with Aunt Ruth, or sought solace in his books and meerschaum.

The widow was always busy. He caught glimpses of her through open windows deep in house-work. Once he saw her sweeping his room, her pretty arms all bare, her face aglow with exercise. His conscience smote him. Perhaps he had misjudged her after all. He had heard her spoken of as a woman of the world. He despised such women. He frequently saw her on the kitchen door-step shelling peas or engaged in other household tasks. The sunlight glimmering through the grape leaves over her head wove fitful shadows on her face and dress.

Was it a sin to be beautiful? Why should she not be liked and courted? These questions haunted him. The smoke from his meerschaum curled into tantalizing queries, the letters in his books twisted into the thoughts that haunted him. He became wakeful and irritable and uncertain of himself. He felt that he thought too much of the widow, and the thought dismayed him; but he refused to acknowledge the facts of the case even to himself. The widow was Jackey's mother, so it was natural he should think of her, because Jackey was his idol. So he blinded himself, as we all blind ourselves when we lack courage to face the truth, and drifted deeper into love each day.

Summer slipped into autumn. There was a suspicion of frost in the air; the maples by the house shone a mingled blaze of red and yellow, and the orchard was fragrant with fall ripeness. The old-fashioned parlor was aired and opened. Logs burned brightly on ancient andirons. The little widow sewed busily in a chair by the fire, while Jackey crouched on the hearth-rug, a tangled mass of bare brown legs and yellow curls. Benson read aloud to Aunt Ruth, who nodded drowsily over her knitting and heard one word in ten. Long before midnight Valley Echo Farm was wrapped in that intense stillness peculiar to the country.

Club men gossiped over Benson's absence. Benson's partner wrote to ask if he thought of remaining there forever. The same mail brought a letter from his friend Fred Hunter.

"We miss you," wrote Fred, "and need you in the club, for we are on the verge of a reception, and most of our men are married or engaged, and disinclined to take an active part. All our confirmed bachelors are in demand, so we can not do without you. I fully understand your ecstatic descriptions of country life and country scenery. I'll stretch a point, and believe it all if only you will help us through. I had no intention of imprisoning you all summer. I only wanted to punish you for being so down on widows. I can well imagine the satisfaction you have experienced in killing yourself by inches rather than confess to the martyrdom you have endured. Come home, old boy; there shall be no allusions to widows, no jokes of any sort, and a penitent Fred Hunter."

Benson folded the letter and replaced it in its envelope with a stifled sigh of disgust. Aunt Ruth heard the sigh, and laid a soft hand on his shoulder.

"What ails thee?" she asked, in her sweet, brave voice. "Hast thee had bad news?"

"No, no," he answered, flushing redly. "It's only a summons home," and he sighed again.

"Friend Benson, thee art too shy for thy own good. If thee loves my niece, tell her so like a man; then perhaps thee wilt not mind the leaving us."

"I was thinking of Jackey," he stammered. "The little fellow has been with me so much, I hardly know what I shall do without him."

"Thee art foolish to do without him," said Aunt Ruth, gently, and left the room as quietly as she had entered it.

Benson thrust the letters in his pocket. Aunt Ruth's words made his face tingle and his heart throb with a fierceness akin to pain. He had never before had his love brought so directly before him, and the having it put into words by another affected him strongly. Jackey's voice calling to him from the hammock came to him with a different sound. He put on his hat mechanically and answered it.

"I'll not go home till I'm ready," was his firm resolve; "not for all the receptions and partners in the world." Then he remembered how he had denounced the club men who had shaped their lives according to their loves, and here he was doing the same thing; and the thought stung him.

He took Jackey in his arms and swung back and forth in the morning brightness till Jackey's lids drooped, and the child slept. Then he rose, the boy still in his arms, his yellow hair making a sunny glimmer on his shoulder, and carried him to his room.

He laid Jackey on the bed, and collected his writing materials that he might answer the letters at once, and have them off his mind. While he was so engaged, Joe, one of the farm hands, stumbled upstairs with a telegram. Benson took it hastily and tore it open.

"Grimes very ill. Return at once."

Grimes was Benson's partner.

"Is there a train to the junction to-day?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nay, nay, sir," answered puzzled Joe; "thee canst not go till to-morrow."

Benson drew a breath of relief, and dismissed the man with thanks. His half-written letters were useless; there was nothing for him now but to return at once. His last day had come, and the thought stirred him into life. What should he do without the child? Always the child, even to himself.

Jackey opened his eyes sleepily, and knew intuitively by Benson's face that something had gone wrong.

"What is it?" he asked, wide-awake in an instant. "What makes you look so funny, Mr. Benson?"

Benson caught the child in his arms and covered his face with kisses. Jackey was accustomed to such demonstrations, and received the kisses with indifference.

"Let's go and see mamma, Mr. Benson," suggested Jackey, as soon as he could speak. Mamma was his cure for all ills. They met Aunt Ruth on the stairs, her basket heaped high with crimson apples. Benson stopped and told her of the dispatch.

"I am grieved about thy friend," she answered. "But thee must come back to us, for thee would miss Jackey."

Benson blushed guiltily and shook his head.

"I am a sad coward, Aunt Ruth." He sometimes called her aunt when there was no one near save Jackey. He liked to feel he had a claim upon her.

"Make me thy aunt in truth, and I shall deem thee a wise man, friend Benson."

Benson made no answer, and Aunt Ruth watched them pass out into the sunshine with a smile. Benson looked at the hills and the sky and the house that had grown so dear to him with actual homesickness. It would look just the same to-morrow, but he would be miles away.

They found Mrs. Raymond beating eggs in the kitchen, her small round figure half lost under a huge apron. She smiled them a welcome, and bade them make themselves at home.

"Give me something to do," begged Benson, feeling awkward and out of place.

"Can you beat eggs?" she asked, with saucy demureness.

He assented, and received the bowl and beater with inward trepidation. He grasped the beater firmly in both hands, and brought it down with a force that scattered the eggs in all directions.

"You must be more gentle," laughed the widow, merrily. "It doesn't require much strength."

The advice came too late; handle and beater parted company, and the bowl lay broken on the floor.

"I—I am very sorry," stammered Benson, contritely, ruefully surveying the wreck.

"But you needn't be," smiled Mrs. Raymond. "There are dozens of eggs in the pantry, and Rachel can beat some up in a moment. After all, you would be the loser, for I was going to make your favorite cake."

"I am sorry," he said, "for I go to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed the widow, with surprise. A something underlying the surprisement in her voice startled him into looking at her; but her face was as usual, with the dimples playing around her mouth in the most tantalizing manner.

Benson took the towel she handed him, and dried his hands and face, and twisted his mustache in long, slim ends, without venturing to look toward her; but Jackey climbed into her lap and burst into tears.

"Why, my darling," exclaimed the little mother, "how have you hurt yourself?" and the color faded from her cheeks, while the dimples disappeared entirely.

"I don't want Mr. Benson to go," sobbed the child, clinging with one hand to his mother's neck, and stretching the other out to Benson.

Benson took it in his and kissed it—the little brown, dimpled hand that curled itself around his fingers as though it never meant to let them go.

"I want to go with you, Mr. Benson," continued the child, in a grieved, broken-hearted way.

"I've no objections," said Benson, in a cold, constrained manner. He tried to say more, but his voice failed him, so he relapsed into silence. He dared not look at the widow, for he fancied she would laugh at such an absurd proposition.

"Will you take me?" asked Jackey, smiling brightly through tear-wet lashes.

"Yes, Jackey."

"And mamma too?"

"Yes, Jackey, and mamma too." There was a moment's pause, the widow's face was hidden in Jackey's curls; Benson only saw the rounded outlines of her cheek and the coils of hair resting darkly on her neck. He caught his breath sharply, then said, with a sudden proud firmness, "Tell mamma, Jackey, I would like to take her as my wife." He spoke very low, but his voice was clear and distinct.

Mamma unloosened Jackey's arm and buried her face still deeper in Jackey's curls.

"Mamma, mamma," coaxed the child, stroking her cheek with one soft hand, "say yes, mamma, please, mamma."

Benson scarcely breathed lest he might miss the answer, but he might have spared himself the trouble, for no answer came.

"Jackey," said Benson, softly, touching his lips to the childish hand, "it is no use. Mamma dislikes me because I once detested widows. I was a fool then, but I have been well punished for my folly, for I have learned to love one of them too well for my own good. She scorns my love, Jackey, so good-by—" His voice broke.

"But I don't scorn your love," objected the widow, in a low and rather tremulous voice.

Benson's shyness suddenly vanished. He lifted Jackey from Mrs. Raymond's arms and placed him on the floor. The child was too astonished to rebel. He had never before been dethroned, and could not understand it.

"Kate," said Benson, not heeding Jackey's presence, "will you be my wife?"

She gave him a quick shy glance of assent, and he waited for no further encouragement, but stooped and gathered her into his arms.

Jackey's face grew momentarily darker, his eyebrows puckered into a frown, while the corners of his mouth drew down in an injured, tempestuous fashion that would have touched their hearts at any other time, but now neither of them noticed it.

"I want my mamma!" cried Jackey, stamping his foot. "Are you going to take my mamma away?"

"I am," replied Benson, penitently, recalling a widely different answer to a similar question asked some months before.

"You said you loved me," pouted disconsolate Jackey, "and now you are loving mamma. Are you going to forget me?" he asked, with a piteous little quiver.

"No, indeed," laughed Benson, "for you did the wooing. I shall love you more than ever, Jackey."

"We shall both love you more than ever, Jackey, for you won me," added the widow from Benson's arms. But Jackey disliked such undemonstrative love, and burst in on Aunt Ruth a moment later a most angry-looking, tear-stained little object.

"Mr. Benson is going to take away my mamma," he gasped, flinging himself into Aunt Ruth's arms.

Aunt Ruth smiled contentedly, and straightened her glasses before she soothed him into quietness with the story of "Jack the Giant-killer."

Benson returned to find his partner better, and Hunter met him at the depot with unfeigned delight.

"I am not back for the reception," explained Benson, awkwardly. "I am going to be married."

Fred whistled.

"It is the widow," continued Benson, with increasing shamefacedness.

"Kate Raymond?" ejaculated Hunter, in astonishment.

"The same."

"By jove, old fellow, you've won a treasure! How did it come about?"

"Jackey did it."

"Heaven reward him!" exclaimed Fred, heartily. "I am glad for you both."

So the club lost Benson, and the widow won him.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

Early in the evening of October 17 people living in the vicinity of the long railroad bridge over the East Fork of the Little Miami River, at Batavia, Ohio, were startled by a fearful crash. The cry was immediately raised that the bridge had fallen, and a great crowd rushed to the scene. A terrible disaster had occurred. The bridge, which was undergoing extensive repairs, had given way under the weight of a passenger train. The engine, baggage-car, and one passenger-coach had fallen into the river, fifty feet below the bridge, while the rear coach, containing thirty passengers—men, women, and children—hung balanced over the water, as shown in our sketch on page 727.

It was a moment of extreme peril. Had the passengers moved to the forward end of the car, their weight would have thrown it upon the wreck below. By the efforts of the conductor, **Charles Durham**, and the brakeman, **John Nash**, who were both in this car, and who preserved their presence of mind in the face of the appalling danger, the passengers were removed in safety. The names of these two men will be gratefully remembered by those for whom they bravely risked their lives. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed in the wreck, and several passengers in the forward car were seriously injured.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

To few men come the happy distinction of living half as long again as the fortunate mortal who reaches the Psalmist's limit of threescore years and ten. Two exceptions to the general rule have been quoted in the papers recently. In the Old World Sir **Moses Montefiore** has just celebrated his centennial, and in this country a well-known physician of Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. **Christopher Columbus Graham**, has had his hundredth birthday commemorated by a grand dinner given him by his fellow-citizens.

We have already given in **Harper's Magazine**, November, 1883, and **Harper's Weekly**, October 20, 1883, sketches and portraits of Sir **Moses Montefiore** and will shortly publish his life in book form, with illustrations. In this number we present a portrait of Dr. **Graham**, to whom the *Courier-Journal* thus pleasantly refers in the course of a long article:

"Our citizens have shown their good taste, and good heart as well, in thus publicly recognizing the centennial anniversary of Dr. **Graham**. In thus honoring their oldest citizen they honor themselves and their pioneer ancestry. Dr. **Graham** is a connecting link in the golden chain that binds the present generation to the founders of our city and our State. He is older than the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and older than the government of the United States. None of our citizens born in the year 1784, except him, now remain among us. And it is not his age alone that distinguishes him from other men. Through his long length of years runs a moral that demands our admiration and invites our imitation. The fine constitution he inherited from his parents was never abused by dissipation or excesses of any kind, and hence he is among us to-day not borne down by the weight of a hundred years. Having been successful as a hunter, as an artisan, as a soldier, as a physician, as a landlord, as an author, as a scientist, and as a public-spirited and progressive citizen, he has much to be proud of when he glances at the hundredth mile-stone and looks back upon the ninety-and-nine he has passed in the journey of life."

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

The waning year keeps to the last its best gift to our gardens, for there is no flower that blows comparable to the chrysanthemum.

> "It cheers with bloom the stormy gloom
> By chill December nursed,
> And it is told in stories old
> That this fair flower first
> On that blest morn when Christ was born
> Into white beauty burst."

But traditions apart—and the chrysanthemum has many, for have not two queens worn it as their badge and emblem, and does not an emperor to-day entitle it "the Royal Flower"?—it is a delightful and a wonderful blossom, this darling of winter, the only flower in the garden, and yet a whole gardenful of flowers in itself.

Spring, summer, and autumn enjoy a constant succession of bouquets, and from the multitude of their contending charms no single blossom can fairly call itself the chief flower of the day, or claim to wear the crown of beauty. Partisans of particular plants, whether violets, rose, or cyclamen, may claim for their favorites the place of honor; but other factions with equally strong arguments will come forward with pink or hyacinth or lily. The contest would be endless.

But for winter our gardens keep only one posy, the chrysanthemum, and Flora thus dignifies it beyond all the flowers of the year by giving it the whole throne to itself.

> "Symbol of Hope, still banishing the gloom
> Hung o'er the mind by stern December's reign."

A bleak reign, it is true, but then there is none to share its sceptre with it, so the chrysanthemum queens it in solitary brilliance over empty beds. Lest, though, it should seem too manifestly alone, and the eye might tire of a single flower, however beautiful, if monotonous in color, shape, or size, the chrysanthemum seems forever straining to spread its own charm over half the parterres. No lilies show so clear a white, no daffodils so clear a yellow; roses have no prettier pinks; and all the family of the hollyhocks, and dahlias, and many of the others—for instance, calceolarias and zinias—can not show tints and half-tones in crimson and orange and tawny more decided, bright, and various than the chrysanthemum alone. And not content with rivalling their colors alone, it gives the whole garden back shape for shape as well as hue for hue, and whether as a rose, a dahlia, an aster, a carnation, or a daisy, it makes its pretty mimicry sufficiently exact to create gratitude for its variety, and to abolish monotony. Art assists nature wonderfully. During the other seasons the flowers do not absolutely need man's help, but now in winter the chrysanthemum seems glad of it, lending itself to skilled cultivation with singular readiness, and always rewarding ingenuity and patience with beautiful novelties of form and color. Perhaps it knows its weakness to stand alone as the one flower of the month.

All our large-flowered varieties have been grown from the single Chusan chrysanthemum, and the delightful dwarf Pompons have in the same way been produced from the Chusan Daisy. A hundred years of experimental cultivation have been necessary to arrive at such floral triumphs as the Elaine, the Nil Desperandum, or the Button Hélène, and viewed therefore solely as "a work of art," the chrysanthemum is worthy of respectful admiration; while as "a work of nature," to praise it seems almost impertinent. Looking down the bank of flowers at any chrysanthemum show (such a one, for instance, as is now on view in the Temple Gardens, London), the exquisite form is astonishing. Blue alone has never been attained, but the chrysanthemum, besides its pure whites and yellows,

> "More pure and clear than any here,
> Their snowy disks unfold;
> Bright as the star that melts afar
> Into the morning's gold,"

positively revels in shades of all the other colors—pink, crimson, chestnut, orange, lilac, puce, carmine, amber, violet, peach, magenta, ruby, cinnamon, sulphur, fawn, buff, salmon, maroon, bronze, cherry, scarlet, mauve, purple, and, above all, in white silver, silver white, cream white, ivory white, snow white. No wonder, then, that with such a range of hue the chrysanthemum should justify the confidence of Flora in its power to queen it alone in the winter-stricken garden! and have I not done well to claim it as my favorite?

In contour also, as in color, the chrysanthemum knows no margins. On one plant the bloom cuddles all its petals together, making a round soft ball of itself; on another, it flings them out all flat from the centre in a great disk of color; a third binds its central petals into a button, or arranges them in a crown or a tuft, and then sends out on every side rays of bright tints, some long, some short, but all in a method as exact as on the stars of any order of honor. Some of the flowers curl their pretty fronds inward, others curve them backward; some take the dahlia's form, others the sunflower's; some assume the precise circle, others radiate in quaint marginal devices. Of them all the Elaine, with its great fleecy snow-like flowers, is perhaps the queen; but in such a puzzling variety of charms it is difficult to award the palm. The connoisseur turns, of course, to the coral-red Mons. Crousse, the no less curious La Frisure, or to the ever-new varieties, such as the McMahon, the Gazelle, and the Empress of India; but for the uninitiated the equality of beauty suffices to make all admired. Many of the tints, it is true, are curious rather than pretty, and many of the shapes fantastic rather than graceful; but these triumphs of art are in no way blemishes upon the plant that can show the splendid blossom of the Elaine or the purity in color of the George Glenny. Nor is it only in tint and outline that the chrysanthemum arrogates such privileges, but in size also, for twenty Pompons would lie upon the disk of one Elaine, and the Empress of India overshadows like a shrub the tiny Christabel. Yet one more triumph has the chrysanthemum achieved. The glory of other plants, the perfume, seemed at one time beyond its reach; but audacity or patience has conquered even here, and the Progue, with the color of the amethyst, has also the odor of the violet. No further triumph remains for it.

> "Type of a true and holy love; the same
> Through every scene that crowds life's varied page,
> 'Mid grief 'mid gladness—spell of every dream—
> Tender in youth, and strong in feeble age!
> The peerless picture of a modest wife,
> Thou bloom'st the fairest 'midst the frosts of life."

Phil Robinson.

SAN MARINO.

The whole territory of the state consists of sixteen square miles, and has a population of about nine thousand souls. The capital city, inclusive of the Borgo at its foot, has over nine hundred inhabitants. The army is composed of ten companies of ninety men each; but perhaps our guide forgot to reckon the reserves, for Mr. Bent says that the military force is two thousand strong, and that half the able-bodied men of every family must be enrolled between the ages of sixteen and fifty-five, unless they are government officers, doctors, priests, or students. The entire revenue of the state is less than £5000 a year; but San Marino is a model of financial prudence, has no public debt, lives within its income, and has even a nest-egg laid by against rainy days. And although it bestows no titles on its own subjects, it swells its exchequer by the sale of orders and titles of nobility to foreigners. To avoid complications with Italy it has no printing-press within its dominions. For the same reason it refrains from growing tobacco, and buying the leaf from Italy at cost price, contents itself with manufacturing its own cigars. It possesses no penal establishments, but has made a very pleasant arrangement with its obliging neighbor. San Marino sends its criminals to be punished in Italy, and—although that part of the arrangement is probably not recorded in black and white—may be said to receive monks and nuns in exchange. For the two large nunneries and four monasteries of this tiny state afford the devout uncurtailed privileges that are no longer, it seems, to be enjoyed across the border.

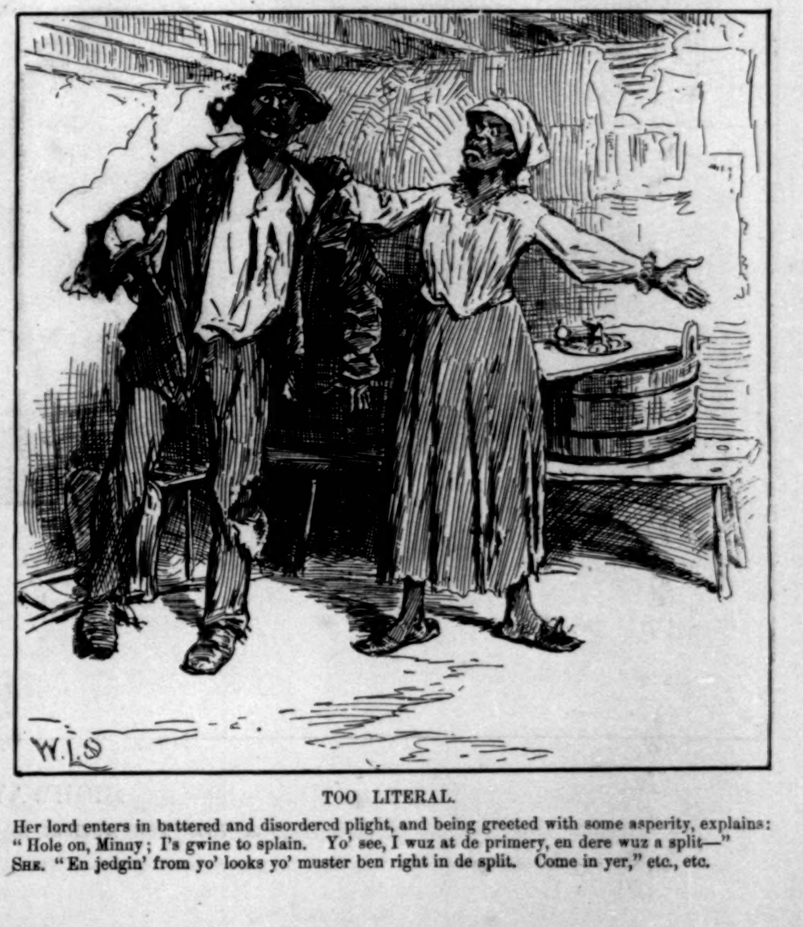
The legend of San Marino may be told in a few words. He was a Christian of Dalmatia, and came over with a companion named Leo to assist in the rebuilding of Rimini (then Ariminium) early in the fourth century, during the reign of Diocletian. Wearied by incessant struggle against Roman persecution, the Christian friends withdrew to this Mons Titanus, planted a cross on the summit of the rock above their cave, carved on it the word "Libertas," and devoted themselves to holy exercises and meditation.

Gradually their fame spread; miracles were ascribed to them; believers gathered round them. The community of San Marino sprang into existence, and has remained a republic ever since. Not, however, without several narrow escapes from annexation by this or that pope or potentate; and although originally a refuge for the devout, its rules were not monastic. San Marino, indeed, is supposed to have been a married man, and he promoted marriage among his flock. His companion had more ascetic views, and finally retired to a precipice in Montefeltro, and founded the monastery which was afterward converted into the fortress of San Leo. It was to this place that Dante likened the entrance to Purgatory, and it became famous in history as a frequent bone of contention between Montefeltro and Rimini.

We had hoped to see the library of rare and precious books collected by Count Manzoni, the well-known bibliophile, but in the absence of its owner we could only gain admittance to his garden. It is a pleasaunce in which stone walls are the principal features, flowers mere details; but it climbs to the brink of the rock, and its terraces skirt and overhang the wonderful precipice, and are draped with ivy and ferns. Carts, oxen, and men down in the road by Borgo seem no bigger than flies. Cold winds blow fiercely round the corners of dark clefts, and here and there gigantic turrets and towers of limestone stand up from the buttressed slopes as though in huge mimicry of the masonry above. Retracing this giddy path to the end near the hermitage chapel, we found a shady arbor among the rocks whence we could gaze on the faint dark line of Ravenna's pines and the fainter coast beyond the sea, while waiting for our long-delayed lunch.

The method of election is an interesting survival of the intricate procedure of the old Italian republics. The presidents or captains, one of whom is always a noble, the other a citizen or rustic, are changed every six months; and a fortnight before their term of office expires, namely, in the middle of March and September, their successors are elected by ballot. "Twelve electors are chosen by lot from the Council of Sixty, and each proposes a candidate for the Presidency from among his fellow-councillors. Upon this the names of six of these, chosen by the majority of the whole council, are written upon three lots, it having been duly arranged that one noble and one of the other two estates be coupled together. These preliminaries having been completed, the whole council go in great pomp, accompanied by music and soldiery, to the parish church, toward the evening of the day on which the election takes place, their attendants carrying torches to add to the solemnity of the scene. Here the parish priest is in attendance, and having read aloud the names on the three lots, incloses them in three ballot balls, puts them into a silver urn, shakes it well, and then, in the presence of the assembled multitude, a little boy of about eight years extracts one of the lots which contains the names of the captains elect.

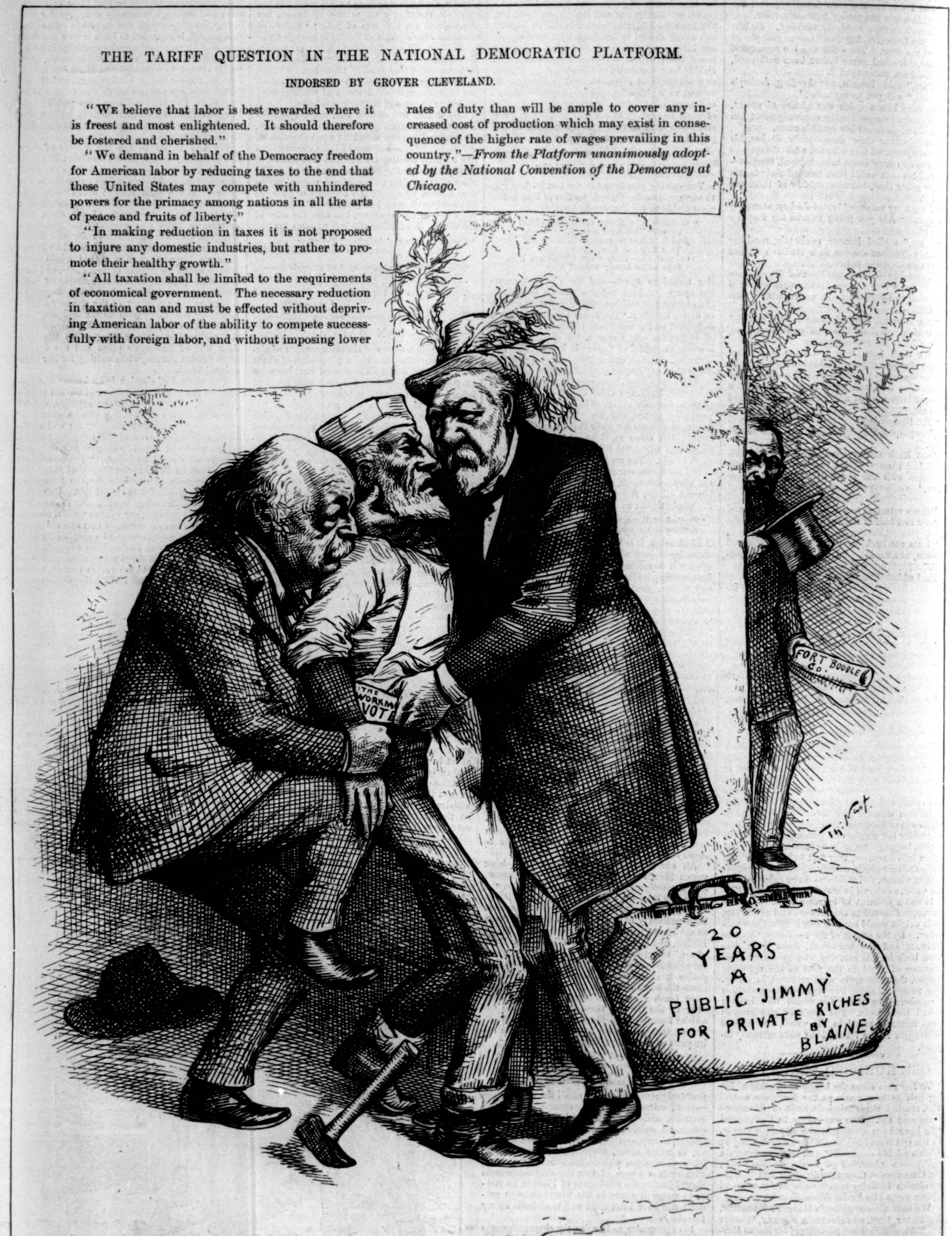
Then every 1st of April and 1st of September the new rulers solemnly assume office, and the outgoing captains vacate the seats of honor, and hand over the insignia, etc., to their successors. This the custodian assured us was a most touching ceremony; he had beheld foreigners, especially Frenchmen, actually moved to tears by it. The late captains have then to pass through a trying ordeal. In accordance with the old usage, they are literally called to account for their stewardship. While in office they were inviolate, but are now liable to punishment for any injustice or abuse of power that they may have committed.



TOO LITERAL.

Her lord enters in battered and disordered plight, and being greeted with some asperity, explains: "Hole on, Minny; I's gwine to splain. Yo' see, I wuz at de primery, en dere wuz a split—"

She. "En jedgin' from yo' looks yo' muster ben right in de split. Come in yer," etc., etc.



THE TARIFF QUESTION IN THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

INDORSED BY GROVER CLEVELAND.

"We believe that labor is best rewarded where it is freest and most enlightened. It should therefore be fostered and cherished."

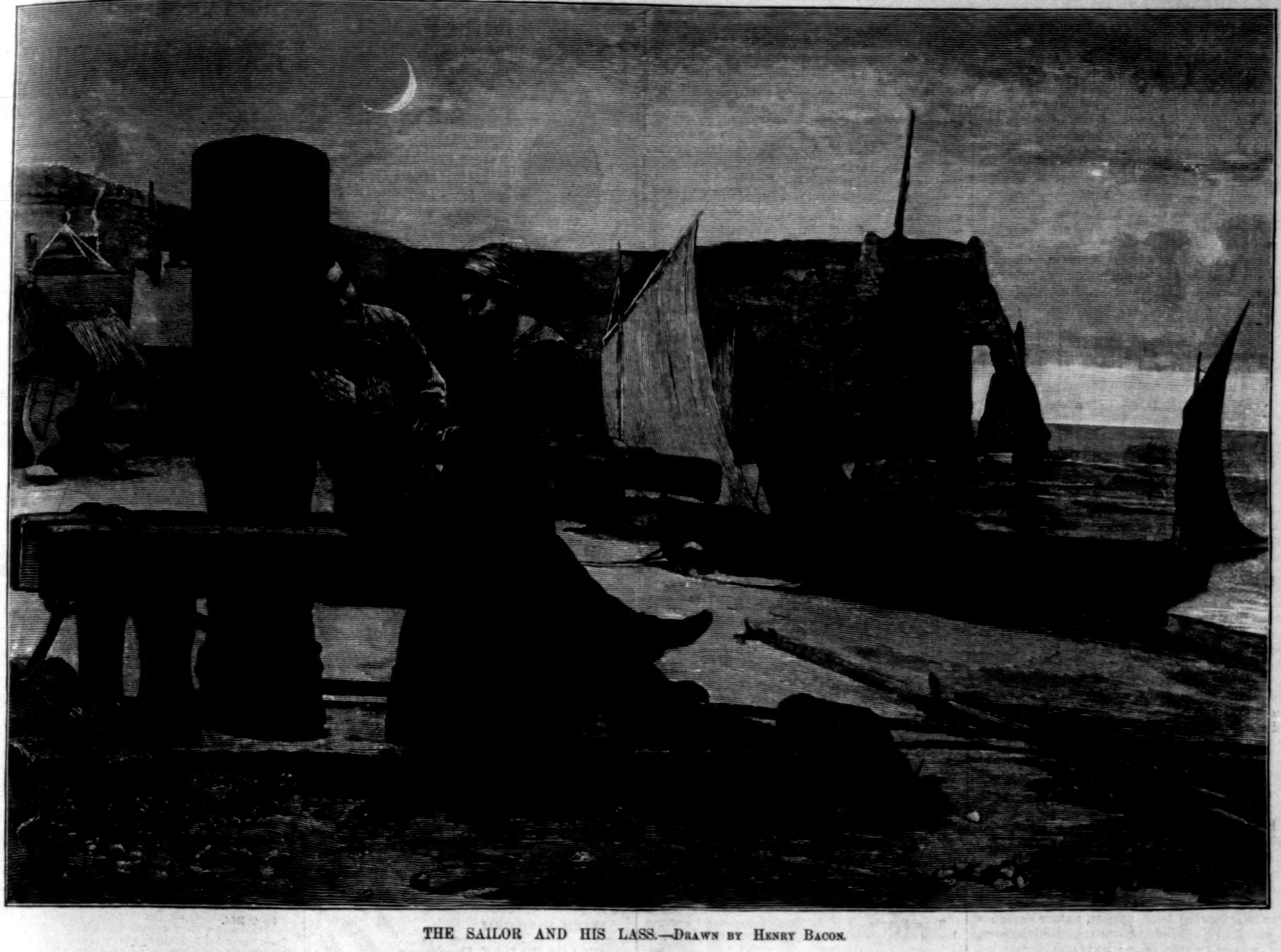
"We demand in behalf of the Democracy freedom for American labor by reducing taxes to the end that these United States may compete with unhindered powers for the primacy among nations in all the arts of peace and fruits of liberty."

"In making reduction in taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth."

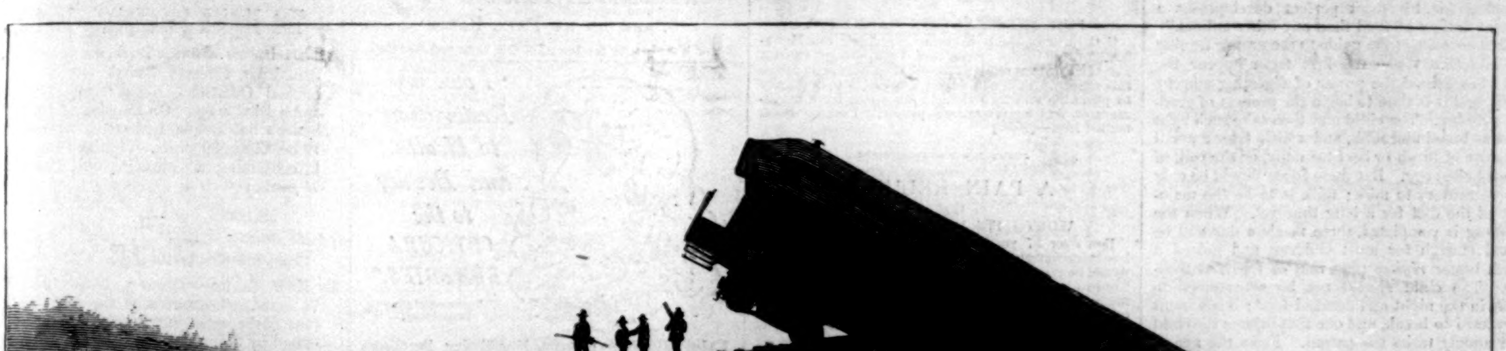
"All taxation shall be limited to the requirements of economical government. The necessary reduction in taxation can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence of the higher rate of wages prevailing in this country."—*From the Platform unanimously adopted by the National Convention of the Democracy at Chicago.*

HIGHWAY POLITICS.

A VOTE FOR BUTLER IS A VOTE *LOST—OR STOLEN.*



THE SAILOR AND HIS LASS.—DRAWN BY HENRY BACON.



A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE—THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT BATAVIA, OHIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN A. KLINE.—[SEE PAGE 725.]

MARRIAGE IN TARTARY.

Among the Kirghese the practice of polygamy obtains. Generally the eldest brother of a family has more than one wife. The first wife is mistress of the household, and is called *baibiche*. To her are subject not only her husband's other wives, but also all the other females of the family. The head of a household will often send a portion of his herds several hundreds of miles away under the care of this wife, whilst he himself will either remain with his other wives about the grazing ground, or go and encamp somewhere by himself. In winter the family comes together again. The manifold circumstances connected with marriage among the Kirghese are somewhat formidable, and involve the payment of a kalim, besides the giving of various presents. The affair is arranged as to its preliminaries by matchmakers, and the bridegroom, after betrothal, has sometimes to wait for a year or more until he can bring the remaining portion of the kalim. If during this period the betrothed girl should die, her parents are bound to give instead their next daughter, or in default to return the kalim, and pay also a fine of one or two horses and robes or furs. So also is it if the girl should refuse to marry, which she may do on account of the suitor's ill health, or his poverty, or (in some localities) her personal dislike.

Yet another custom is that if the bridegroom die or refuse to marry the girl, his parents are bound to take her for their next son, paying a fine, usually a camel, in case of refusal. When the prescribed period of betrothal is at an end, the bridegroom, dressed and mounted at his best, goes with his friends to the aul or village of the bride, where the tent has been prepared for his reception. Throughout the ceremonies of betrothal the bride's brother has the right of pilfering from the bridegroom whatever he pleases; but now the bride's relations come and take as presents almost everything he has—his coat, hat, girdle, horse, and saddle—saying each one that they are for the education of the bride—a seizure that is afterward repaid by the relations of the bridegroom on the visit to their aul of the relations of the bride.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

Before his first year is completed the little animal that we call a child makes a marked step in his development. The first teeth appear, the digestion begins to take on its new range of powers. "When teeth appear," says Dr. Frank Hamilton, "milk ceases to be the only natural food; when the tearing teeth appear, nature demands meat. Man is neither carnivorous, graminivorous, herbivorous, or vegetarian; he is omnivorous, demanding for his most perfect development a greater variety of food than any other animal."

This doctrine is the guide to the proper feeding of children. When the first teeth appear the child has gained the power of digesting starchy foods, and it is time to begin the process of gradual weaning. The child may then take such light food as bread and milk, and a little later a small quantity of broth or beef tea daily, or the yolk of a soft-boiled egg. But these foods should be only supplementary to milk; milk is to be the mainstay of the diet for a long time yet. When the weaning is completed, three meals a day will be found enough for most children, and indeed a much better *régime* than that of frequent feeding. The child should not be accustomed to wake in the night and demand food; it is a habit very hard to break, and one that injures the child and unduly tasks the parent. From the age of one to two years the diet need include nothing but milk, bread, potatoes in small quantity, and broth or beef tea.

As the child grows in digestive power a larger variety of diet is needed. Two mistakes are made, both injurious, in this matter of a varied diet for children. The first is in following the caprices of the child for food; this results in his getting all manner of aliments that are more or less indigestible, and in consequent sickness more or less serious. These errors from pampering the appetite are well known, but they are perpetuated by weak or careless parents; and they are as certainly fatal, in many cases, as the error of overfeeding during infancy. The child's constitution can, indeed, resist more ill usage during the second year than during the first. But nothing can be more injurious than letting a young child partake of a great variety of dishes, especially of such as are highly seasoned or much compounded in the preparation. This is well enough known to most parents; and yet it is wonderful to see what unscrupulous providers many parents are. What scenes of dietary confusion, resulting in what "creature complaints," do we not constantly see at boarding-house tables! The indolent parent, the ungoverned child; the elder malefactor stuffing the junior with pastry, croquettes, hot bread, and pickles, with tea and coffee as extras, and indeed everything else that should be rated as an extra-hazardous risk in matters of digestion—all this is a familiar picture; familiar, too, are the pasty complexions, the sour tempers, and the broken constitutions which are the result. On such a clear matter as this there should be no need of any warning, but the need exists, and will continue to exist as long as selfish parents and spoiled children remain with us.

The second mistake which I have to mention in the matter of children's diet is the reverse of the first: it is what I will call the prison-ration mistake. Some excellent parents forget that the child needs a reasonable variety of food as well as the adult; its enjoyment of this within limits is a thing to be kept in mind. It is not enough to feed a child on two or three things which the parent may consider theoretically the best nutriment. Many children do, indeed, grow up well and strong upon oatmeal or potatoes alone, but they would be better and happier upon a reasonably varied bill of fare. The question is not one of extremes; it is not what can be done with the diet of our little omnivorous animal, but what on the whole is the best to be done. We shall not do the best for him either by pampering his appetite or by keeping him down to oatmeal and potatoes. His tastes, his enjoyment, in eating are just as legitimate objects as our own; the only difference is that the child has not the power of controlling his tastes, and that their safe range is narrower than that of our own.

Within these limits, however, his diet should vary day by day. The veal, the hot bread, the pickles, the pastry, the tea, coffee, croquettes, and all other indigestible things may be excluded from the child's bill of fare, and yet leave quite enough to please and satisfy his appetite. After he is two years old he may be promoted to a fair variety of good, simple, and digestible articles of food. The ordinary soups, meats, and vegetables, if well cooked, may take their turn in moderation upon his *menu;* so may light puddings, and fruits of many kinds, whether stewed, roasted, or fresh. Of course they must be perfectly ripe. As to the amount of a child's food, there is no doubt but that overeating is a frequent cause of trouble. Nothing will serve to prevent this but the watchful care of the parent, and this is a thing that, in our land of boarding-houses and hotel life, is too often lacking. Watchful, intelligent care will do more to give health and strength to the young American than all the rules that were ever printed. The proper food for children is an eminently proper study for the mother.

Titus Munson Coan.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
AS A BRAIN FOOD.

Dr. S. F. Newcomer, Greenfield, O., says: "In cases of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."—[*Adv.*]

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When our new method is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture without the use of the knife. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Catarrhal throat affections, hacking, irritating Coughs, Colds, cured by "Rough on Coughs." 25c.—[*Adv.*]

For 18 years Electro-Silicon has been known as the best and only harmless silver polish.—[*Adv.*]

Thin People. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, etc. $1.—[*Adv.*]

FUR AND SEAL-SKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.—[*Adv.*]

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that is
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

For over 37 years Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment has been warranted to give satisfaction or the money would be refunded, and not a bottle has been returned. Those who first used it are still doing so, having tried many other remedies without finding anything that can equal it. It cures cholera, croup, spasms, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all stomach complaints. It is clean to use, and warranted harmless. Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.
"Rough on Corns," for Corns, Bunions. 15c.
"Buchu-paiba," Great Kidney and Urinary cure.
"Rough on Coughs," Troches, 15c.; Liquid, 25c.
"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and strength.—[*Adv.*]

Children slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."—[*Adv.*]

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Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
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TRADE MARK.
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For general use and especially for Infants until the period of Dentition.
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33 Million Tins sold in 1883.
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VELOUTINE FAY
invisible,
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RICE POWDER
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"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."
Testimonial of a Boston lady.

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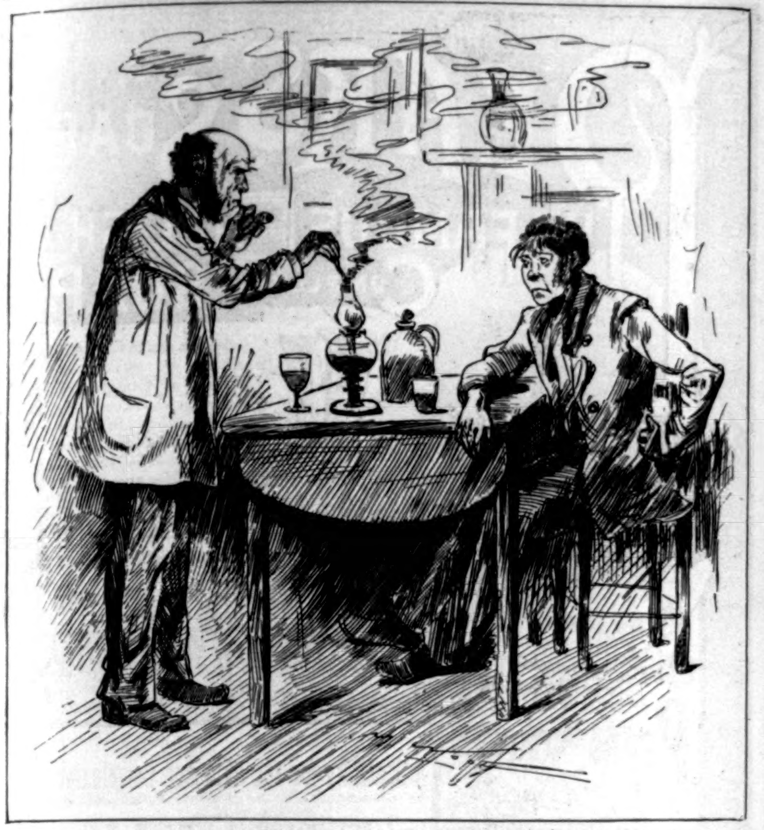

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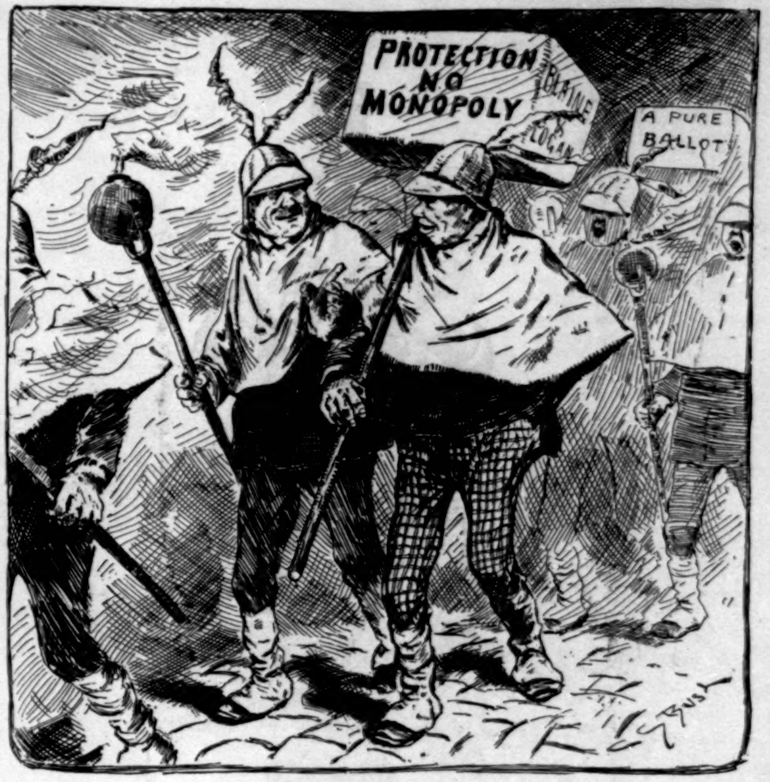

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